

TO THE READER.

THE *Times* of 2d December does not overrate the importance of the Alliance—or rather let us call it the Reconciliation—with France, in the following article:—

Nor among the least remarkable, but certainly among the most agreeable results of the present war, is the tone which the greater part of the French press has taken with regard to England. It is becoming more evident every day that the alliance is not a mere political league between two Governments formed for purposes of momentary expediency, to be dissolved as soon as that momentary expediency shall have passed away, after the heartless manner of such engagements—not merely the mutual esteem of two brave armies, emulous without being envious, and doing that high justice to each other's merits, which none but those conscious of high desert can render—but a sentiment which is taking possession of the minds of the people, and seems likely to endure long after the ambition of the Emperor of Russia has been chastised, and the balance of European power been redressed. The two great nations that inhabit the opposite sides of the British Channel have at length discovered that the endless wars of eight hundred years have only served to retard both in the march of civilization and improvement, and to fritter away in objectless contest that strength which, if united, can give laws to the world, and accelerate in an incalculable degree the march of human progress, the development of commerce, and the spread of enlightenment. *Esto perpetua!* May this auspicious sentiment of union grow into a fixed principle in either nation, and so completely inoculate their public policy and private opinion as to make them regard a return of hostilities between them with no less horror than a civil war!

We are bound to admit that the most glowing eulogium on the institutions, the conduct, and character of England which the present glorious crisis of her destiny has called forth has not been traced by an English hand. If any one would wish to see a thoroughly just appreciation of England's present position, he must seek for it, not in the English press, nor in that portion of the French which is devoted to the support of the present order of things, but in the Republican *Siècle*, which is not probably influenced in its appreciation of the ally of the Emperor by any peculiar affection or partiality. While the Legitimist organs strive to exclude all mention of the English from a battle in which they lost six generals, one hundred officers, and two thousand five hundred men, being about one-third of the force they had on the field—while the Orleansist papers give them but a grudging and sullen commendation, the *Siècle* deals with us in a tone of warm and genuine approval, which well entitles it to the grateful acknowledgments of the nation, and

those on whom devolve the task of giving utterance to national opinion. Our Parisian contemporary has clearly seized and forcibly expressed a great truth, which the advocates of the Russian system of government often find it convenient to forget,—the truth that a free government has its strength as well as its weakness, and, if it often fetters the discretion of an Executive, at other times arms and urges it forward with irresistible power. The enemies of England are wont to expatiate on the obstacles which a Parliamentary Opposition, a free press, and the unrestricted right of public meeting offer to the action of our Executive, and maintain that the same jealous care which makes our Government powerless for much evil has also made it powerless for much good. But they omit to notice what the *Siècle* so ably points out—that when public opinion supports the Government of a free country the impulse to action becomes irresistibly powerful. Individual selfishness is lost in the general contagion of public spirit, courage rises to heroism, the discharge of duty to noble self-sacrifice; and men ordinarily calculating, cautious, and cool-headed, are surprised into an enthusiasm of which they did not probably believe themselves capable. The romantic element introduces itself once more into the prosaic transactions of daily life. Every class in its own way, and according to its powers, strains every effort to secure the general object.

If blood be shed like water, our people do not repine; if money be insufficient, any sum that can be asked for is ready, and, not content with paying heavy war taxes, private benevolence feels it a relief to raise enormous sums for the benefit of the wounded, the widow, and the orphan, and finds agents for its bounty no less able than noble and disinterested. These things the *Siècle* traces to liberty. The knowledge that people are allowed to differ invests their agreement with irresistible force, and the reflection that our unanimity is spontaneous gives it an influence over friends and enemies which it is difficult to exaggerate; and all this is not said by England of herself, but is the spontaneous verdict given by one of the most intelligent organs of a nation against which we have fought countless battles and waged innumerable and bitter controversies. Nor is the benefit we derive from such a tribute confined merely to the gratification of our self-love or the inflation of our pride. Such cordial appreciation of England and her institutions opens to us a new avenue of self-knowledge. We have many faults, which, though we may partly guess ourselves, appear much more clearly to the eye of a neighbor than to our own. Hitherto, when reminded of them by our contemporaries on the other side of the Channel, we have been in the habit of consoling ourselves with the reflection that the critic was hostile, and disinclined to do us fair and ample justice. But, after the manner in which we have been treated in this instance, such an excuse will be no longer open

to us, and we shall be forced to admit the justice of a charge to which judges so fair and so candid give the sanction of their authority.

It is worth while to go to war with Russia, to interrupt the pursuits of peace and the rapid advance of prosperity, to shed our blood on a remote and barbarous shore, to strew the sea with our wrecks and the hospitals with our sick, our wounded, and our mutilated soldiers, if by so doing we can expel the mists of prejudice that have so long darkened the eyes of both nations, and forgetting the traditions of mutual jealousy and animosity, learn to consider each other such as we really are. Here is a result of the war which neither the rage of man nor the elements can deprive us of, and which is well worth all the sacrifices we have made. Never did men fall in a nobler cause, never with more assured profit to their fellow-creatures, than those gallant Englishmen and Frenchmen who so dearly sold their lives at the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann. They have maintained the superiority of the civilized West over the barbarous East; they have taught Russia that against them no attainable numbers will secure the victory; and in the last battle they saved, by unheard-of efforts of heroic valor, the united armies from imminent destruction. But they have done more than this. In their blood has been sealed a bond of union between England and France which we may well trust will bind long after the survivors of these glorious actions shall, in a ripe old age, follow their heroic comrades to the dust. The nations which, placed front to front, could see each other only through the distorted medium of prejudice and animosity, once placed side by side have been able to form a truer estimate of each other's qualities and to learn the lesson of mutual respect and amity. That the present struggle will fill an ample space in the page of history we fully believe; but it will, we apprehend, be remembered, not so much for having put bounds to barbarous and domineering violence, for having opened Asia to Europe, and the finest countries in Europe itself to commerce and cultivation, as for being the era from which will be dated that auspicious union between England and France, fraught, as we fondly believe, with such incalculable benefits, not only to both countries, but to the whole human race.

The *Times* thus speaks of the King of Prussia:—

THERE are some men to whom nature seems to have denied the faculty of living in the present, but whom weak intellect and strong imagination are forever carrying backward to the past, or forward to the future. Not absolutely without ideas, nor always necessarily totally shorn of great qualities, such men are often known to possess merits for which no one gives them credit, and qualities admirable in themselves, if not sicklied over by a dreamy eccentricity, or obscured by unaccountable fits of pedantry and absurdity. Such a character is afforded by a king of our own country, who was the first, and had he lived a few years longer, would probably have been the last, of the ill-fated line of Stuart. In the "*Fortunes of Nigel*," Sir Walter Scott has left us an admirable portrait of this most inade-

quate and useless monarch,—of his violent personal predilections, his pedantry, his intemperance, his inability to form a manly or magnanimous resolution, or to adhere to it when forced upon him; a character frail, impotent, and useless for good, but saved by its very feebleness, its pedantry, and timidity, from the more violent extremes of evil.

With very considerable abilities and powers of application, no man lived more completely in a fool's paradise than James I.; no man was more ignorant of the spirit of the age in which he lived, or went down the stream to revolution and destruction with a more perfect conviction that he was the wisest, the most learned, the most prosperous, and the most dreaded of monarchs. Yet, while this learned trifler was counterblasting the use of tobacco, lecturing on the metaphysical proofs of Divine right and indefeasible prerogative, or speculating on the occult essences of goblins and fairies, there grew up around him a discontented and mutinous spirit, which wrenched the sceptre from the gripe of his son, and cast out his family, to droop, decay, and perish in misery and neglect.

We are not about to attempt an exact historical parallel, but we cannot help thinking that our readers will have no difficulty in recognizing the crowned head of Europe to whom the sketches we have just attempted to draw bear a strong family likeness. We are not speaking now of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, who worked petticoats for the Virgin Mary, nor of Charles X. of France, who wiled away the weariness of the July Revolution by shooting rabbits at Rambouillet; but of that enlightened sovereign, the ally, mediator, arbitrator, *internuncio*, but, and by-word of every nation and cabinet of Europe,—the King of Prussia. This extraordinary personage might be supposed by the profane just now to have his hands full of serious business, and his mind oppressed by the necessity of speedily forming and executing a weighty resolution. France pulls one way, Russia another, Austria a third, and the smaller States of Germany a fourth. Nobody seems to expect a spontaneous resolve from him, and therefore everybody presses upon him with an urgency and plain-spoken zeal scarcely consistent with the dignity of royalty. Then there are his own people,—the placid and contented dwellers by that river, named with the most remarkable inappropriateness the Spree, whose patience has once failed them, and who cannot be altogether counted on not to repeat their former escapade; and then there is the army, not over well pleased, probably, at finding itself reduced to the duties of gaoler and police constable, and treated as if it were unable to resist the onset of those Russian troops whom no disparity of numbers is able to put on an equality with the soldiers of England and France. Threatened on the east by Russia, on the south by Austria, on the west by the French, and on the north by the English, surely the learned and accomplished descendant of Frederick the Great has enough to occupy him without abstracting his thoughts for a moment from the Eastern question to the Russian war and their attendant complications.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.—KOSSUTH'S
LAST SPEECH.*(From a Copy specially reported for the
New York Tribune.)*

THE Twenty-fourth Anniversary of the Polish Revolution of 1830 was celebrated in London, on the 29th ult., by a meeting held under the auspices of the Polish Association. At this meeting, Sir Joshua Walmsley was to preside, and among the speakers engaged to address the audience was LOUIS KOSSUTH. This being the first occasion on which the Hungarian orator and statesman has appeared in public since delivering his great speeches at the time when the Allies were just entering upon the campaign, it was naturally a subject of great interest in England, where his words just now have great weight. The fact that his predictions, with regard to the results of the year's diplomacy and fighting, have been generally realized, added, as we learn from London, to the universal desire to hear him at this time, and there can be no doubt that the meeting was a large and attentive one. Of course, as it was held at London, in the evening, and the steamer sailed from Liverpool early on the following morning, we can have no report of its proceedings or spirit; but through the kindness of Governor KOSSUTH, our correspondent at London was enabled to forward to the *Tribune* a copy of the speech in advance of its delivery, and we now proceed to lay it before our readers:—

KOSSUTH'S SPEECH.

SIR:—Trained as I am to grief, still it is with sentiments of deep emotion that I rise.

It is the cause of Poland that assembled us. How could I rise on such an occasion without feeling deeply affected by the recollection that Lord Dudley Stuart is no more.

By his untimely death, you, sir, have lost a friend—a noble companion in your efforts for liberal progress; I have lost a friend, to whom I owe personal gratitude, and exiles in misfortune have not many friends; humanity lost a friend, as few are living like him; Poland lost a friend, as there is none more devoted and sincere.

Private misfortunes, sir, I can bear, and proudly raise my shoulders with the load of sorrows many-fold weighing on them; but to see suffering humanity deprived of the best, the purest of its friends, is too sad to witness, even for me.

The renown of his virtues secured to him the esteem of all good men. What must my feelings be, sir, after I have seen him associating himself publicly to me? to me, whom the aristocracy of England so anxiously shunned, because I landed on your shores, not with the

halo of success, though often purchased with public perjury and private crimes, but a persecuted exile, fallen a victim to the duties of a patriot? They shunned me; he stood up at my side, and cast the lustre of his virtues over the exile's head. What must be my feelings, after I had witnessed his untiring exertions in behalf of prostrate freedom, and in relief of its martyrs in distress? After I have enjoyed the intimacy of his affections, and the benefit of his support in public persecution alike as in private distress, of my own as well as of thousands of my brethren in misfortune, and have seen him especially devoted, with all the perseverant zeal of his noble soul, to the cause of Poland, all along the long period of gloom which unprincipled men of little faith have cast over the very name of that ill-fated land? Time-hallowed private affections, the faithful attachment to which is but an evidence of his high morality, may have led him sometimes too much to identify with individuals a cause which, shall it thrive, cannot admit the nation to be absorbed by a party. But he always acted with the perfect good faith, that he serves well his Poland dear; and so much is sure, that Poland and oppressed humanity never can have a friend more devoted than him.

To me, sir, it has been a source of great consolation in my public misfortune and my private sorrows, to have been able to boast of two such friends in exile, as you, Sir Joshua, and the late Lord Dudley. He has departed; I may transfer upon you, sir, the affection I owed him; yet as long as this heart of mine may yet continue to throb, that heart will be an altar on which the pure vestal flame of gratitude never shall cease to blaze.

Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory! Now to the task of the day.

All of us here present harmonize in the sentiments prompted by the solemnity of the occasion; all of us claim an equal share in paying the tribute of veneration to the memory of that noble effort of national virtue which we assemble to commemorate; and all of us unite in good wishes for the full and perfect restoration of Poland, such as justice claims, her imprescriptible national rights demand, her dreadful long sufferings deserve, and the security of Europe requires.

But, though all of us claim an equal share in these sentiments, the part we have to take in the proceedings is different.

Since the thundering roar of cannon from around Sebastopol continues to rouse an echo of moaning grief from thousands of British homesteads, is there one British heart all along these isles, the recesses of which had not thrilled with the inquiry, whether the policy which presides over this war be a wise one? Whether those glorious dead, whom

the world admires and Great Britain bewails, have fallen, a sanguinary tribute to dire necessity, or have they fallen but a wanton sacrifice, immolated on the shrine of the errors of those who rule? Can the aged mother, proud in her maternal joy yesterday, and childless to-day—can the fatherless orphan, standing like a broken reed—can the widow cast upon public charity, (and 11,000 already they are!)—can the nation, maimed by the loss of the bravest and the best of her sons—can they comfort themselves with repeating the words Paulus Emilius spoke, when from the funeral of both his sons he rode up in triumph to the capitol—can they say:—“*I feel the ruin of my homestead consoled by the good fortune of the Commonwealth?*” Is there one man all along these isles, in the breast of whom the question had not risen, whether there be no better course for carrying on this war? A course more sure to succeed, and richer in results, and not so dreadful in sacrifices?

Yes, this question has been asked by all; it stirred like the thrill of conscience through the breast of all; and whenever it has been asked, and whenever it stirred, the pale spectre of assassinated Poland must have risen before your eyes, and the words I have spoken on the subject to the British nation must have haunted the conscience of Britannia. Dissimulation may fain indifference and make a show of slighting opinions which it dislikes; yet when sad reality bears out the truth of disregarded anticipations, their recollection comes home with remorse to the very resting place of careless neglect and proud indifference.

Under these circumstances the 24th anniversary of the Polish Revolution of 1830 is not a mere domestic commemoration, intended to rouse the spirit of the living by recollection of a glorious past. It is a solemn warning for self-preservation addressed to British State wisdom; it is a query by which the genius of the future is about to test the vitality of the British Empire. Hence the difference in the part we have to act. Poland makes the query. England has to answer. England, gentlemen, and not this assembly. The transactions of the day will not be wound up by words spoken within these walls, nor by the passing cheers some of them may have met. This is no question which England might dispose of by passing inside and over it. No answer will be an answer likewise. And such will be England's future, as England's answer will be. As to ourselves, representatives of other nationalities, we, while waiting that the hour for our own battle strikes, (and while preparing for it perhaps,) we recline on our arms and watch, and witness, and warn.

In keeping within the limits of this sphere,

I would address myself first to you, my brethren in misfortune, Polish exiles, and then to England, Sir, if you give me leave. To your dear brethren in exile I have a word of thanks to speak, and an assurance to give, and an advice to impart. It is eighty-one years since Poland first was quartered by a nefarious act of combined Royalty, which the Swiss Tacitus, Johannes Muller, well characterized by saying that “God permitted the act to show forth the morality of Kings.” And it is twenty-four years since the downtrodden Poland made the greatest (not the last,) manifestation of her imperishable vitality, which the Cabinets of Europe were too narrow-minded to understand, or too corrupt to appreciate—eighty-one years of still unrequited crime, and twenty-four years of misery in exile! It is a long time to suffer and not to despair. And all along this time, you proscribed patriots of Poland, you were suffering and did not despair. You stood up before God and the world, a *living statue*, with the unquenchable life-flame of patriotism streaming through its petrified limbs. You stood up a protest of eternal right against the sway of impious might, a *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, written in letters of burning blood on the walls of overweening despotism. Time, misery, and sorrow thinned the ranks of your scattered Israel. You have carried your dead to the grave, and those who survived went to suffer and to hope. Wherever oppressed freedom reared a banner, you rallied around,—the living statue changed to a fighting hero. Many of yours fell, and when might triumphed, once more over virtue and right, you resumed the wandering exile's walking-stick and did not despair. Many among you who were young men when they last saw the sun rise over Poland's mountains and plains, have their hair whitened and their strength broken with age, with anguish and with misery, but the patriotic heart keeps the freshness of its youth,—it is young in love of Poland, young in aspirations for her freedom, young in hope and youthfully fresh in determination to break Poland's chains. What a rich source of noble deeds, patriotism must be, to give you strength so much to suffer and never to despair. You have given to all of us your younger brethren in the family of exiles. You have given us a noble example, which will be fruitful in due time. When the battle of Cannæ was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of the fallen Roman squires, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to Consul Terentius Varro, “for not having despaired of the commonwealth.” Proscribed patriots of Poland! I thank you, and history will thank you, that you have not despaired of resurrection and liberty. This is the *thanks* I had to give. The time draws nigh when the oppressed nations will call their oppressors to a last account, and the millions

of freemen, in the fullness of their right and of their self-conscious strength, pass judgment on arrogant conquerors, privileged murderers, and perjured kings. In that supreme trial the oppressed nations will stand for all and all for one. Faults, errors, and misfortunes of the past, were not in vain. It was a terrible ordeal-school, but a school it was. All of us have learned something, and the best of what we have learned is, that the principle of national fraternity is more than a philanthropic emotion—it is the only effective guarantee of that freedom which we have to conquer, and which we will conquer.

Let England and America, proud in their present security—let all those whom it may concern mind my warning while it has yet time to mind it. Those who will not have contributed to the triumph of freedom, while they had the power to contribute to it, shall have forfeited their claims to a share in that mutual guarantee. If all the signs do not deceive us, ye, men of Poland, may be the first called to batter a breach. Many will stand by you, and others will fight the common battle elsewhere. But though many days be, nearest is dearest and close by is best. It is not in vain that Nature—and Nature is God—made Hungary a neighbor to Poland and Poland a neighbor to Hungary. Our enemies are the same, and our cause is identical. The much I feel, the little I may know, and all I can—my heart, my brain, my arm—shall be with Poland. Remember this. Yet, though I may have learnt something, the pledge of my own fraternal assistance is but a small matter. And even that little may be lost too soon. We are mortal men, and I grow old and am careworn. However, that is not worth while speaking of. I may be nothing, but Hungary is much. And it is the genius of Hungary which assures you, through my lips, Hungary will stand by reviving Poland.

Remember my words. This is the assurance I had to give.

Last comes the *advice*. The present complications of Europe—a necessary result of the errors and crimes of the past—cannot be brought to a definite end without Poland's acting its part. Of two things, one: either an insufficient arrangement, leaving the next future unsettled, and the war to recur again, more dangerous to some, more frightful to all who are parties to it; or the war is carried on to a definitive issue. The next time it recurs, I apprehend it shall be England's turn to present in her fate a second Poland in history. May be even here at home, who knows? But certainly in and about America and in India, England's proud standing presents many a vulnerable point.

So far there is a difference between Russia

and the British Empire, not to the advantage of the latter. England has many a vulnerable point; Russia has but one—Poland. Wo to those who, though at war with Russia, still disregard that fact. In the second alternative, why it is perfectly absurd to believe that matters can be carried on without Poland. Those who mind this too late, will be brought to remember it with regret. Therefore I say to you, men of Poland, gird your loins, slumber in your armor, but from this moment never sleep. Remember the French proverb, "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera*." Help thyself and God will help thee. The moment is critical. It requires all the wisdom, all the discretion, and all the resolution of every Polish patriot. I have heard some whispering about tricks discussed in the dark recesses of secret diplomacy. Oh! the fatal word—that workshop of conspiracy against mankind, fraught with more and deadlier crimes than ever were brought to light by tribunals and police courts. I warn the Polish nation to be on its guard. Cabinet diplomacy may call on Poland out of dire necessity, but if Poland, the Nation, takes not, in time, a stand, to revindicate her personality and to reassert a position of an equal who as well has assistance to give as to receive, not merely an object of, but a party in, the transaction—you may, once more, experience what you have already experienced from the secret transactions of the Vienna Congress in 1815, where the name of your nation has been made use of to secure concessions which were not of your concern, and the concessions once secured, Poland has been thrown overboard and sacrificed to expediency. You may see the trick performed once more. Nobody in the world has a right to dispose of Poland's destinies, but Poland alone. I call on the Polish Nation to take, in time, such a stand that, on the one hand, nobody shall dare to usurp her rights, and, on the other hand, nobody shall dare to ignore her. I would say to the Polish Nation: Be prepared to receive assistance, whence ever it may come, but beware how thou puttest thy trust in Kings. They cannot like Poland, because they don't like liberty. This is my *advice*.

Now to England, Sir! if the assembly desires me to go on—if not I can stop. First and before all, I desire to pay the modest tribute of my highest admiration to the heroic army in the East, which with so much honor walks the path of honor, of danger and of death, nothing daunted by the reflection which could not have escaped the mind of many of them, that the post of honor to which they had been sent is certainly not the best which might have been chosen to begin a war against Russia with, and that a wiser policy, by not fettering those auxiliary elements which cir-

cumstances imperatively advised to recur to, might have spared much of their heroic blood, all in promising richer results.

Sir, I can tell something of what is heroism. The unnamed demigods of Hungary, who fought the gigantic struggle of 1849, may well claim a place of immortal renown in the ranks of the bravest of the brave. And I, who have witnessed this—I say history must go back for centuries to find out a battle like that of Inkermann, where 14,000 men victoriously resisted the valorous attack of 60,000 well disciplined troops; and where almost every man who fought on your side, laid low one of the enemy. The battle of Alma, defective as it was in disposition, and therefore barren in results, has been glorious in execution, and covered with the lustre of immortality the renown of the British and French soldiery; but the battle of Inkermann, from the first in rank to the last, was a prodigy of valor, scarcely inferior to the miracles of Agincourt. The history of 1854, whatever be its records about the states-wisdom of those who rule, will hand down with imperishable renown, to the admiration of posterity, the impetuous military ardor of the French, and the stern and immovable courage of the Britons who fought in the Crimea.

However, they fight on a battle-field richer in glory than in possible results, and richest in dead. One more such victory as that of Inkermann, and the army is lost. It is a sad consolation to know, that the tombs of those glorious dead around Sebastopol can say, like those of Thermopylæ: "Wanderer! tell England, thou hast seen us slain, obedient to our country's laws."

The English public have been told, of late, that there never was a position of more pressing necessity, demanding so imperiously a mind that can forestall instead of waiting on events, and can arrest evils which it may be impossible to repair.

That's perfectly just, though somewhat of an after-fact wisdom, come out too late. But if it be just, then there is no good service to England in lulling public opinion to sleep, by advising it to let by-gones be by-gones. A forestalling must look to the past for instruction.

The great lesson of accomplished facts is: That England's policy, in reference to the present war, has been wrong in its direction, and inefficient, unsuccessful, and disastrous in details.

Let us analyze the situation:—

Your gigantic armada in the Baltic is nearly without a laurel to rest their head upon.

To do something there, the coöperation of Sweden was a matter of prime necessity. England did not get it, because England's policy was wrong. I told England, six months ago, that the coöperation of Sweden is to be got only by calling Poland to arms. And this was

the answer, which, three months later, King Oscar gave to Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers.

You have taken Bomarsund—a small matter, forsooth. Yet, when the time comes, that necessity will force you to remember Poland, and you shall have to thank her for the advantage of getting Sweden over to your side, then Bomarsund would have proved an acceptable offer to Sweden. But you blew it up, as if afraid of your own victory—as if bent on the purpose not to have anything to offer to Sweden. What a gigantic blunder!

England pretended to strike a blow at the commerce of Russia by blockading her coast; and England succeeded to turn Russian commerce to Prussia.

England has bent her mind on bringing Austria over to herself; she has sacrificed to this one aim everything: numerous millions spent in vain; the life-blood of the flower of England spilled in vain; principles, reputation, the liberal character of the war, and the very issue of the war; everything, nearly her national honor included.

Has it gained that Austria, to whom it has sacrificed everything—that Austria of whom even *The Times* (see Nov. 10) is bound, at last, to acknowledge that you are "fighting her battle more than your own?"

What a haughty sneering there was in official quarters when I, months ago, told the good people of England, that it believes to pay and bleed for freedom, while, in reality, it is made to fight for Austria. Now it has come out, at last. Truth will come out, like as murder will. Well, has your Government Austria?

Go, and read the well-founded lamentations in the organs, even the ministerial organs of publicity, about the treacherous attitude and overbearing insolence of that Austria which your Government persisted in courting with so much submission, and which, in return, facilitates the enterprises of Russia, insults your allies, and counteracts your combinations.

It is not only that you have not gained over Austria; but there you have the Turks arrested in the midst of their victorious course; there you have the fruit of their heroic struggle—poor Wallachia played over into the treacherous hands of despotic Austria; there is the Turkish army paralyzed, on the one hand, and there is, on the other hand, the Czar made and left free to throw overpowering numbers upon the flank and the rear of your gallant ranks in the Crimea—there you have the spirits of the Turkish army, high-flowing as they were by the victories of Silistria and Givurgevo, now depressed—there you have the spirits of the Russian army, depressed as they were, now restored. And, oh, I could tell you what it is to neglect the moment of spirited excitement in a victorious army—I could tell

you what it is to give time to a demoralized enemy to resume its spirits and to take breath. One such moment's neglect in a war, and it is not battles, gentlemen, not battles, but empires that may be lost by it.

And at last,—alas! not least,—there is Sebastopol. Every British heart has watched the great bloody drama there with intense anxiety. I am not wanted to tell you the tale of your heart. I am not wanted to describe how your braves have found there an intrenched camp with an army, instead of a fortress with a garrison, as your Government appears to have anticipated,—how new armies are pouring upon your shattered ranks, as your Government appears to have not anticipated, or else it would be more than an error as they did. All I am wanted is, to quote from public reports these words: "The question is no longer whether we shall take Sebastopol or not. The siege of Sebastopol, though not raised, may be regarded as at a standstill. We are reduced to the defensive." Such is the situation. The leaves have turned,—Russia is the besieger, and you are the besieged.

And at what price has been purchased this situation?

Gentlemen, on the 6th of July, ten weeks before England embarked on that expedition, ill-advised, as well as ill-prepared, I, in a speech,—the contents of which would have been well for Great Britain to mind,—spoke these words at Glasgow: "Not one out of five of your braves will see Albion again." Of course, I used the number figuratively, indicative of a great loss. Now, it is a sad tale. Number your dead, your wounded, and your disabled; more than 20,000 out of 30,000 are already lost. My sad anticipations are literally fulfilled. And here at home? Why, here the number of widows and orphans applying, for support, to patriotic charity, amounts to 11,000. Such is the position, gentlemen.

Now, with that position, thus analyzed, I call on contemporary age, and on history, whether I was exaggerating, or too harsh, in saying that England's policy has been wrong; that it has been successful nowhere, but inefficient, unsuccessful, and disastrous, everywhere.

But you are told, for all consolation, that "no human foresight could have anticipated the extraordinary position which you find yourselves in."

But, as to this, it is not true. Many a man must have anticipated that position. I, for one, have foretold it, fact by fact, and word by word. I only wonder how any thinking man could do otherwise but know all this. Yet, if such there were, who did not know, they could have used the modest light of my

poor oil-lamp. It is true the people of Great Britain gave me tremendous cheers in return, and went home to toil on, and then to sleep. It is as if I had been mendicating favors for myself; whereas, it was England's honor, dignity, interest, and success, that I held up before their eyes. They went to toil and to sleep; and the flower of your nation went to die. And now, after my disregarded words have proved true, some of them come and say: "*The words Kossuth spoke, read like an inspiration of a seer, or a picture drawn from history.*" (See the Scottish Press). Others come and say: "*No human foresight could have anticipated the extraordinary position in which England finds herself.*" (See The Times.)

Extraordinary! Why, what is there extraordinary in the inexorable logic of concatenation between cause and effect? Is it extraordinary that Sebastopol is found to be an intrenched camp, with a numerous army in it? Is it extraordinary that the Czar is pouring whole fresh armies to its defence? The Czar has been left perfectly free, and with ample time afforded to do it: nay, in fact, has been invited to do it by the Turco-Austrian treaty, negotiated under England's auspices. The extraordinary in the matter is not that he has sent reinforcements to Sebastopol, but that he has not sent double the number, and a month earlier. I take this to be so extraordinary, that I find only two explanations to account for it. The first is, that to begin a war against Russia with a landing expedition to the Crimea, is an idea so supremely absurd, that the Czar, giving more credit for perspicacity to his enemies than they deserved, did not believe it until you actually landed off Eupatoria. Secondly, and chiefly, you are indebted to Poland for not having to meet 100,000 Russians more at Sebastopol. If England did disregard the fact that Poland is the vulnerable part of Russia, the Czar was prudent enough to mind it. In the Crimea proud England and France attack him; he is content with opposing 100,000 men to them. On the Danube, the flower of the Turkish army, elated by victory, defies and menaces him; he is content to oppose them 80,000 men. But to Poland, where there is not one man in arms, but where the unquenchable fire of a heroic nation's hatred is smouldering, he sent an army of 300,000 men, to be prepared for emergencies. Some may tell you that this is due chiefly to a precaution against Austria. But it is clear to demonstration that the Czar is perfectly easy about the submissive obedience of his Proconsul in Vienna, or else he certainly would not have left the very existence of his 80,000 men on the other side of the Pruth, at the mercy of his good friend, the Habsburg. Yes, it is to the name of Poland

you have to thank for the fact, that your whole army in the Crimea—all heroes as they are—have not yet fallen a victim to overpowering numbers.

But the situation is sad enough, such as it is. To be sure, there may have been some strategical and tactical mistakes in the operations, such as they are. Sir, I have not the pretension to say that my past could impart authority to my remarks about military matters. I have not been brought up a soldier; neither can I claim the honor of having had to act the part of a soldier in our glorious war. My duties were high and great, but somewhat of a different nature. They were just what the duties of your Government are now, only that mine were a great deal more difficult. We had to fight two great powers *alone*; you are three great powers united to fight only one of them. And I had no ready army, no rich treasury, and no abundantly-stored arsenals, and no free communication with all the world. I had to create everything with nothing, out of nothing; money, and armies, and arms, and all military implements, secluded as we were from all the world, and in the interior, with the deluded one-third part of our population, armed with fire and murder, in a condition worse than the Vendée was to France, or Ireland sometimes to you. These were my duties; and besides, my duty has been to designate the object of military operations, and to direct the war in general, just as the duties of your Government are. Yet a soldier I was not, at that time. I could not draw the plan of a battle, or direct it myself. But the fact is, had I been able to add the skill of a soldier to patriotic devotion, no treason would have crept in our ranks, and Hungary were now free. Not all the Czars of the world would have defeated us. And who can tell whether I may not yet be called upon to serve my country? Therefore, I thought the time of my exile may be best employed in preparing for possible emergencies, by learning what, unfortunately, I have not known before. And, modest as be my humble abilities, I certainly dare say, if assiduous application and discretion, guided by experience, may master the mysteries of an art, I am a soldier now, and feel competent to judge of military matters.

With this consciousness, I say there have certainly been some very serious mistakes connected with the operations in the Crimea. I consider it an unaccountable mistake to have engaged in the siege of Sebastopol, without taking previously hold of the Strait of Perekop in the north, and taking command, by sea, of the Bay of Kertch in the east; so as to prevent, or at least retard, the reinforcements, which it was easy to forestall that Russia will send.

And that neglect once committed, I certainly cannot understand the logic of shifting the basis of operation down to the southernmost corner of the peninsula, thus leaving the whole of the land free, to draw hence supplies to Sebastopol, and leaving the Russians not only entirely at liberty to send reinforcements to the Crimea, but leaving to them, besides, the road perfectly open and unimpeded to enter Sebastopol in small or large numbers, just as they please. My opinion is, that yours being what is called a movable basis—the fleet—you could choose that point all along the coast, which was the best to rest upon; the bulk of your allied squadron is actually not south of Sebastopol at Balaklava, but north of Sebastopol, of the Raesa River. Why not remain there with the army likewise? Why not draw up your lines, leaning on the Belbek River, affording more or less protection against cavalry? There, with a well-provided redoubt at the point where the only road from the interior splits in two toward Sebastopol and Balaklava, you, by your position, already had restricted the communication of Sebastopol to that narrow corner where it is now your misfortune to be pent up. You would have cut off all the supplies from the interior, and no reinforcements could have entered Sebastopol without having first to fight separately an open field battle, wherein, certainly, the Russians are no match for your heroes there. Instead of that, your army has been established so as to leave Sebastopol perfectly free to communicate with the whole Empire of Russia. This is a strategical error, in my humble opinion, not even justified by tactical considerations. By besieging the north instead of the south of Sebastopol, you would have encountered more of permanent fortifications, which is no difficulty for engineers, but would have encountered less of an entrenched camp, with less numerous a garrison, which make your real difficulty, and at last, once the north side fortifications taken, you would at once have become masters of the town alike, whereas, on the contrary, the taking of the town will not make you masters of the northern forts. You would have to return for besieging them to where you had better begun; was it not more likely that all in taking the town you shall either have but to do what you did at Bomarsund, and sail off, and swiftly too, or shall have, in your turn, to stand a siege with the difference that while you were the besiegers, Russia had to stand the siege in a fortified place; you, on the contrary, would have to stand it amid ruins, yawning, shattered and smouldering.

Even as to the battle of the Alma, glorious as it has been in personal gallantry, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the last in rank and files, I can't help thinking that it has been a

wanton sacrifice in valuable life, and very defective in plan. A strong position never should be attacked when it can be carried by turning it, and this evidently the case, a march of two English miles up the Alma would have forced the Russians either to retreat or to change their point, with the loss of all the advantages of the position. Not the wings but the position had to be turned. And as to the battle itself, why, the turning of both the wings of a line of battle is certainly the worst plan which can be imagined. It is condemned by theory as well as by all the history of modern warfare. Also, it did not succeed at the right wing of the enemy, where it would have been of importance. Still the impetuous daring of the French soldier, and the stern courage of the English soldier, have carried the day. The French have gloriously maintained their military renown, and the English soldier deserved the more praise, as your shilling-and-pound-fashioned military regulations give him a very scanty share in the impulses of noble ambition, which the French soldier draws from the consciousness that he carries the materials to a marshal's staff in his knapsack, (a neglect on your part, by-the-by, which is a dim spot on the shining orb of English civilization.) They have gained the day, all honor to them: but the 4,000 wounded and dead, laid down on that day, could have been spared, forsooth.

However, all these and alike mistakes enter only for secondary considerations in the estimation of the situation, such as it is.

The chief error (if not more) on the part of the western, is in the very idea of beginning a war against Russia by an expedition to the Crimea.

Not that I were of the opinion that this war should have been brought to an end without wresting the Crimea from the Czar, and destroying his Black Sea fleet, but I am decidedly of the opinion that this ought to have been one of the last strokes, and by no means the first; in no case, one which I would have undertaken to deal before I had, by successful victories in Bessarabia and around Odessa, driven the Russians back from the Black Sea, and perfectly isolated the Crimea from the rest of the Russian Empire. Then, taking my stand with the main body of my forces in a convenient locality, somewhere about Odessa, (which, remember might have been accomplished, as circumstances were up to the half of September,) I certainly would have sent some 30,000 men to take Sebastopol, who, heroes as they are, with a gallant, experienced, intelligent chief at their head, as Lord Raglan is, would have done the work up to this day, and would have found Menschikoff cut off from every hope of relief, fighting at the best but for military reputation, as General Chassé did at Antwerp. But in the meanwhile I would

have been perfectly content with knowing the Russian fleet paralyzed by the very presence of your vastly superior squadron in the Black Sea. I would have been rather glad to know that the necessity of keeping Sebastopol well garrisoned served me as a diversion, by keeping the main Russian army so much smaller. But before beating the Russians decisively in the field, in no case would I have severed my disposable forces as you did, by separating from 120,000 Turks on the Danube; in no case would I have invited Russia to bring down upon my divided forces 100,000 men to a position, the most advantageous to her and the most disadvantageous to you, as certainly Sebastopol is; in no case would I have afforded to the 100,000 Russians the additional advantage of the strength of those fortifications, of the vast stores of their armament, and of the guns of the ships moored in the bay. I would have forced the Russians either to fight without these advantages, or to go off and to leave these commodities without the 100,000 men; but in no case would I have permitted them to combine both elements of strength.

Such are the facts. I will not say that you will not take Sebastopol. Leaders and men like those you have there may do prodigies, though their position is certainly anything but satisfactory. Whatever be the shadows which coming events cast over my soul, not for anything would I throw a damp over the spirits of those braves, when all their spirits are required in the supreme trial they have to stand. Let us take for granted that they succeed; let us anticipate the sight when the shattered ruins of that glorious army will stand on the smouldering ruins of Sebastopol. Well and after? If your secret aim in this war has been solely the destruction of the Russian fleet; well, that will be achieved at the sacrifice of the flower of both your nations; but that you never can—dare avow. You never can avow that your only object in this war has been a rehearsal of Copenhagen and of Navarino, from mere jealousy. Well, if you have higher, broader aims—as to have you must—then, supposing you to have taken Sebastopol. I ask you, well, and what after? Oh, how different would be your position now, if your Government had not sacrificed your own safety to liberal views, and your success to regards for the worst of despots and despotism. Suppose you had organized a brigade of Polish exiles. (France—even the France of NAPOLEON, has a foreign legion; why not you? who are not over abounding in men, and have fought nearly all your continental wars with your own money, but with foreign armies; your own brave acting the part which the Old Guard of NAPOLEON acted.) Suppose you had organized a foreign legion of Polanders

here, and ordered Sir CHARLES NAPIER not to care about barren Cronstadt, but to take Riga, and to land the Polish legion to call on Russian Poland to rise and to back them; to lend the 12,000 French who were despatched to the Baltic, with such a pompous flourish of imperial words, and who did so wonderfully little there. Suppose these done. And suppose at the same time the Anglo-French Army in the East, 100,000 strong, joining the 120,000 Turks, elated by recent victory, pushing on after the defeated Russians up Bessarabia! How different would be your position now. But Austria!—what with Austria? Hear the silent question of your heart's anxiety. Well, of two things, one: either Austria would have let you do, and then the question requires no answer, or she would have played false against you, and in that case you had but to call on Hungary and Italy, and where would be Austria now? England takes but too much the air of looking down upon us with the commiseration of pride, because I, or MAZZINI, or LEDRU ROLLIN, or these gentlemen here, or any of the proscribed patriots of whatever land, are but poor exiles.

England forgets that some of these now poor exiles united may hold to-morrow the destinies of Europe and your own in the hollow of their hand. Why, is, for a passing moment, BONAPARTE not doing it? while a few years back you have seen him nothing more but an exile, less entitled to reasonable hopes than the elements to which we belong, though not less miserable than some of us. You forget that revolution which we assembled to commemorate; you forget how the very Kosziirues (Seythemen) of slighted Poland have mowed down the invincible cuirassiers of Russia like grass; you forget that we, Hungarians, abandoned, almost betrayed by all the world—we alone have stood our ground, not only against that Austria which England so much fears, or so much loves, but stood our ground against that Russia beside which you are three Powers to fight. Prudence, justice, and humanity alike advised you to look for nations as your allies, and not to flatter dynasties, and rely on alliances of passing men, instead of looking to lasting nations. Whatever may be my opinions about NAPOLEON and your alliance with him, I respect your feelings and will not say anything to hurt them: yet one recommendation I would recommend England well to weigh. NAPOLEON is a mortal man like any one of us. He may die by many a malady; he may be dying at this very moment,—who knows? At all events, NAPOLEON is but a passing meteor. The French nation is a lasting luminary. You are allied to NAPOLEON,—do you believe to have secured the alliance of the French nation? No; you have not. Why not? Because your alli-

ance proposes to barter away the freedom of Poland, Italy and Germany for the precarious and disreputable friendship of the Habsburgs and the Brandenburgs. Such is your alliance with NAPOLEON. Now, do you believe that the French nation, restored to its sovereignty—and certainly restored it will be—ever would sanction such an alliance? No, by all that is sacred to men; never, never! Mind these, my words. But the question is, what have you to do in the situation you are placed in? You are told for all answer, that reinforcements shall be sent, and reinforcement will do. I went the length of England, and the Highlands of Scotland, and seeing the scantiness of your rural population, I wondered where England shall find soldiers, once seriously engaged in a great war? Your cities absorb your nation; and it is yet true, at this very day, what HORACE wrote 2,000 years ago,—it is not the cities but the rural population, *rusticorum masculam litum proles*, which furnishes the stout arms for the wars. But suppose you recruit your reinforcement to your heart's delight, and have time, too, to transform them into soldiers,—will that be a radical cure? Certainly not. To have a radical cure, you must penetrate to the seat of the evil.

The real source of all your difficulties is Austria—every child knows this. Either England fears Austria too much, or loves her more than she ought—there is the evil. Don't fear Austria.—throw her overboard, and you are safe. If not, not. Referring to what I was saying about the comparative barrenness of a success at Sebastopol—a success, besides, sure to come at a later period—I really believe even now, it would be better for you to shift the theatre of the war, provided it be not too late. Men who, 14,000 strong, have beaten 60,000 Russians, can gain no more glory by the barren laurel gathered on the ruins of Sebastopol than they have, and can nothing lose in their reputation by being despatched to triumph on a battle-field richer in result. And what could be done with men like these on the right spot? To engage in a wrong direction may be an error; to persist in the wrong direction and to sacrifice life (and such lives) to obstinacy, looks like a crime, the retribution of which may yet fall heavily on your head. Shift the theatre of the war; insist peremptorily on Austria's evacuating the Principalities, and siding with or against you. Advise the Sultan to grant independence to the Roumains and arm them. Enlist the Polish emigration not in Turkey, but here. Mind where the weak point of Russia is, and strike there; and wherever a Government is playing false to you, call on the nations it oppresses; but remember that while in matters of internal progress you may say "By and by

we may come to that," in a war, everything depends on moments. Opportunity lost is a campaign lost—may be even more. Poland is your only remedy even to-day; but how much surer and easier would it have been six months ago? I do not speak from even patriotic egotism; this war, such as it is, and as it may be carried on, or arranged in the worst possible manner, is manifestly an indication of retributive justice, slow but sure in its decrees. Much against the will of your Government, and whatever Lord PALMERSTON may diplomize at Paris, or even at Vienna, as some people say, the freedom of Hungary is sure to come. It were sad for myself not to see the day, but that is only a question of individual happiness, not worth while to speak of. If I die to-day, I die sure of the fact that my dear Hungary will be free. I speak not from egotism. I speak as England's friend. Neither

you, nor even NAPOLEON, can afford sufficient forces for that war *there*. He cannot say, as you can, let us send our last soldier—police will do at home. He cannot; he has many things to guard—Paris, France, Algiers, and watch to the north and to the south. You have not too much of men—he has too much of exigencies. I repeat my words of yore:—come what may in this war, England stands more in need of Poland and Hungary than Poland and Hungary stand in need of England. With us, victory—without us, defeat, or a disreputable, insufficient armistice. You know the tale about the nine Sybilline books. Poland will be your Sybilline books. Three already are lost—hasten to buy the remaining six, or else, like the Roman King of old, you shall have to pay the price of all the nine for the last three. Mine is the advice—yours is the choice.

From The Athenæum.

Notes of a Theological Student. By James Mason Hoppin. New York and London, Appleton & Co.

ALL who are acquainted with the Continent must also be familiar with "the American in Paris," who knows the best hotel, the best tailor, the best *restaurateur* (and his best dish), with an excruciating minuteness of intimacy, distancing the best Parisian knowledge of home ways and means of enjoyment. They will have seen, also, "the American in Germany," another and a better description of man,—more studious, more reverential, but not less national in his resolute determination to Germanize himself on the spot, than the denizen of Alabama, whom they encountered on "Phillips's" threshold, had been in his desire to Frenchify himself. Need we say that neither the one nor the other represents the man of taste—the man of thought—the man of real artistic capacity, whom the New World sends forth to the old land of his ancestors, to gather, to enjoy, to learn, and to compare? Such a disclaimer, perhaps, was needed ere we began to deal, in a few paragraphs, with Mr. James Mason Hoppin. This student's "Notes" seem to us not so much honest notes of admiration as cuckoo-notes, imitating the raptures and rhapsodies of those who have gone before him. "Let not America," says he, "be ashamed of herself, or of her own independent mentality." Why should a "theological student," who preaches so sound a sentiment in his first chapters, be so willing to ape the most individual and personal quaintnesses of a quaint German writer, when he sets himself to note German things? Hear how one who stands up for "independent mentality" can speak of the privilege of attending a Leipsic concert:—

I thus, an unskilled one, had a glimpse into the

wondrous house of Harmony,—a little opening of the door to catch a moment's out sounding melody.

The above is from the dictionary of Jean Paul—not of Jonathan—if we mistake not. Mr. Hoppin, however, is not always German. To those who think we are too severe, we recommend his entire chapter on the Harz, as a yet more astounding specimen of fustian. We can but treat them to a Brocken sunrise:—

By-and-by a slight tinge of the most delicate rosy light blushed around the upper border of the thick clouds, and smiled the sun's coming. As if to add more pomp to the morning-coronation of the great lord of day, and light, and heat, the winds began to swell with a deep roaring, like the prophetic sighing of the ocean before a storm, or the far-off thundering of Niagara; and when the sun at length appeared, his red disc vastly rose above the rent curtains of the clouds, flaming like myriad globes of fire in one, and yet more increased by the earthly mists through which it rose. I watched its orb, filling with its inflamed vapory cincture almost one quarter of the heavens, until like a great and good name, it had purged itself from the fogs of a base world, and had commenced its unclouded, golden sweep to the meridian. I wonder not that the ancients, having fallen from God's worship, did next adore the sun.

The "theological student" touches other scenes as well as German ones: Delphi, Parnassus, Athens, and some of the localities of the Holy Land; describing Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Gethsemane, with an exuberance of style to which we recollect nothing comparable, except it be in certain rhapsodies by Mr. Gilfillan. We are sorry for Mr. Hoppin's congregation that is, or that is to be, if his studies abroad are to end in home sermons as gay, grand, and glorious as these "Notes."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE PAPER DIFFICULTY.

Our readers can hardly be ignorant of the fact, that the materials for English paper are becoming somewhat scarce. Not many weeks ago, the proprietors of a leading London journal offered a prize or premium of £1000 to any one who could discover a new material for paper. Certain conditions were attached, relating to the continuous and abundant supply of the material, the capability of converting it into fine pulp, the power of bleaching it, and the price at which it could be sold. We are not aware that, up to the present time, the premium has been claimed.

It is not to be wondered at that men should seek for new materials for paper. Rags are limited in quantity, and flax is expensive if grown professedly for paper making purposes; and hence an inquiry would naturally arise, whether any cheap substitute could be found. We seem to be busy on this subject just now, but men were quite as busy in the last century. We have now before us a remarkable exemplar of this activity. It is in the form of a book, descriptive of the manufacture of paper from various vegetable substances; and the leaves of the book are made of the very paper so described. The author and maker of the book was Jacob Christian Schäffer, a pastor at Ratisbon. The book is a little volume of about sixty leaves, all formed of different substances, the bark of the willow, the beech, the aspen, the hawthorn, the linden, and the mulberry; the down of the catkins of the black poplar, the silky down of the asclepias, the tendrils of the vine, the stalks of nettle, mugwort, dyers-weed; leaves, bark, liber, stalks, reeds, straws, moss, lichens, wood-shavings, saw-dust, potatoes, fir-cones—nothing came amiss to Schäffer—he made paper from all of them. He was almost paper mad; and people were wont to bring all kinds of odd substances to him, with a query as to whether he could convert them into paper. These specimens of paper, made about eighty years ago, are certainly the homeliest of the homely—queer in color and queer in texture. Soon afterwards, a French marquis, unknown to fame in other respects, printed a small volume of his own poems on paper derived from some of these unusual sources; but so far as we can judge, the poems and the paper seem to be about equal in quality.

That fibrous vegetable substances can be beaten into a pulp, and then made into paper, has been abundantly proved. At this present time, there are various kinds of straw-paper manufactured; and not very long ago, a highly sanguine announcement was made of a new process for converting deal shavings into paper. We may be allowed to say that these attempts, up to the present time, have never exactly met the requirements of paper consumers. Either the paper is too weak, or too brittle, or too spongy, or too rough, or too badly colored, or too scanty in quantity, or too high in price; there is something wrong in each or all of them.

The rags employed in paper-making are mostly linen, prepared from flax; but cotton rags, from calico, also assist in making up the supply. Flax

being the stronger fibre of the two, linen rags make stronger paper than cotton rags. The sweepings of cotton mills also contribute towards the supply. As to the veritable linen rags themselves, we import some from abroad—our own shirt-wearers do not yield sufficient for the wants of our paper-makers. The rag-merchants buy from Germany, Hungary, Italy, Sicily, and other continental countries—from any and every where, indeed, where rag-export is permitted; for it is worthy of remark, as a proof of the importance attached to this subject, that many foreign governments prohibit the exportation of this material. Italy and Sicily are linen-wearing but not book-making countries; and this is, to a great extent, the case in Hungary and South Germany; hence those countries have rags to sell, and have no particular objection to sell them. There are some rags, however, obtained from more northern parts of Europe. Here the rag-dealers are furnished with a peculiar sort of exponent of social advancement: they always know English rags from foreign by being in a cleaner state; and German from Italian, by being cleaner. The English housewife will mend and mend her boy's pinafore, or her husband's shirt, as long as it will hold decently together; but whether sound or dilapidated, she washes it well and oft, and it reaches the rag-bag in a cleaner state than the cast-off garments of most other countries. Five or six thousand tons of foreign rags are imported yearly by or for our paper-makers, in addition to that which reaches the shops of the "marine store" dealers in all our large towns. About twenty guineas a ton is a sort of average price given for foreign rags—a guinea or so per hundred weight. The rags come over in bags containing 400 or 500 pounds each. But there are two or three points of serious importance here. Foreign countries require so much more paper-making materials than formerly, and America puts forth such an insatiable demand, that the foreign rags at the disposal of England are actually less than they were in amount twenty years ago. And this, too, at a time when our paper-making is so largely increasing. From present indications, it appears probable that British paper-making in 1854 will not fall far short of 200,000,000 pounds.

It is obvious, at a glance, that the supply of rags must depend upon the quantity of worn-out garments. A garment, so long as it is worth anything in wear, must certainly be worth more than 2d. or 3d. per pound—its value when regarded as linen rag; its flaxen career as a shirt or a pinafore must have been finished ere its career as a rag begins. There is a curious metamorphosis observable in the history of these vegetable fibres. It has been remarked, as being within the bounds of possibility—almost of probability—that the papier-mâché ornament of a man's room may once have been a book which he had read, and that this book may once have been a shirt which he had worn. However, passing over this fanciful hypothesis, we come to this practical question: "If flax be plentiful, and worn-out linen garments be scarce, why not use flax itself as a material for paper?" Just because price affects it; a pound of dressed flax

sells for very much more than a pound of linen rags; and a pound of clean cotton sells for much more than a pound of dirty fragmentary sweepings from a cotton mill; hence, although the flax and the good cotton are more abundant than the rags and the sweepings, their price is such as would revolutionize the paper trade if they were adopted. Unless this question of price be borne in mind, the real nature of the paper difficulty cannot be well understood.

A few weeks ago, a correspondent of the *Builder*, in allusion to the reward of £1000 offered for the discovery of a new paper-making material, asked, "Might I suggest that if a similar reward was offered to our chemists or manufacturers for a plan to reduce paper again to its primitive pulp, and then to discharge from it the printer's ink, the same end would be obtained?" In the present day, there are tons of paper stained with productions of an ephemeral nature—returns to parliament, to wit—which might do duty over and over again, with no loss to the public; on the contrary, there are few persons, even with a moderate supply of printed material, who would not be happy to contribute to the paper-bleacher, saving both binding and shelf room." This communication brought up a correspondent to the *Athenæum* a week or two afterwards. He stated that, having had his attention brought to the subject, it had struck him that the removal of the ink from printed paper might be effected with ease by a very simple chemical process. He therefore put his theory to the test of experiment, and met with a satisfactory result. He enclosed to the editor a specimen of an octavo leaf, which had been printed on both sides; he had subjected it to a particular process, whereby it had been reduced to the state of a clean pulp; but not having at command any efficient apparatus for pressing and finishing, the newly-prepared leaf presented a certain coarseness and roughness of appearance. The editor confined himself simply to a statement of the fact, that the leaf of paper enclosed was certainly free from ink. This communication, in its turn, called forth another from a correspondent, who gave his name, and who had visions of patent property in his mind. He stated that, ever since the announcement of the increasing scarcity of paper, he had directed his attention experimentally to the matter, and had succeeded in devising a beautiful, inexpensive, and effective method of utilizing waste paper. Having brought his process to a satisfactory point, he lodged a specification, and applied for letters patent in July last. In the verbose and formal language of the Patent-office, his invention is "for a method of treating all kinds of papers whereon any printing, etc., has been printed or impressed, so that the same may be completely removed, discharged, or obliterated, from the paper; and so that it may be either re-used in sheets, or be re-converted and worked up again into its primitive pulp by the ordinary methods, and be again manufactured into and used as paper."

Thus much, then, for the projects for re-employing old printed paper. They are, it will be perceived, in the same condition as many other projects—not yet openly described, but kept pri-

vate until the inventors ascertain whether they can obtain any profitable results from them.*

While individual inventors have been thus engaged, the government has not been altogether idle in the matter. In the early part of the present year, the Treasury drew the attention of the Board of Trade to the scarcity of the materials for paper. It was urged that the supply of rags had lessened, and the price increased, and that it was incumbent to inquire whether any other material could be substituted. To aid in this inquiry, it was suggested that the Foreign Office should transmit circulars to all British consuls abroad, requesting them to collect such information as might be within their reach, bearing on this point. The Secretary to the Treasury said: "In doing this, it would have to be borne in mind, that the great essential of such an article must be its cheapness, to cover the high freights now prevailing, and which, it may be anticipated, will prevail for some time. As regards the nature of the article, my lords are informed, that with the exception of jute, canvas, and gunny-bagging, every description of vegetable fibre is now capable of being bleached, and is available for fine paper. Reeds and rushes, the inner bark of many trees, and several kinds of vegetable fibre in warm or tropical climates, are substances likely to be of service, especially where they could be imported as dunnage among the cargo, or in compressed bales; but quantity and steadiness of supply are essential. As regards price, my lords understand that if the article could be laid down so as to cost from 2d. to 2½d. per pound, without reckoning the cost of preparation, it would be sufficiently low to answer the purpose in view."

To this communication, a reply was sent some time afterwards by Dr. Lyon Playfair, on the part of the Board of Trade. Dr. Playfair mentioned many curious facts in connection with the scarcity of paper-making material. The strikes and lock-outs at Preston and elsewhere had been found to affect the supply, by lessening the quantity of cotton worked up at the mills, and consequently lessening the amount of waste resulting from the working. Another fact is, that the railway companies use now so much cotton waste in oiling and wiping their machinery, that this again lessens the quantity available for the paper-maker. A third point is, that the Americans, having no paper duty or stamp duty to pay, can afford to give more for rags than our own paper-makers can; and they buy rags in London and Liverpool for the American market, thereby further lessening our store. Dr. Playfair points out that the cause of failure in most other attempts to provide paper making material, has usually been one of these three—that the expense of preparing the fibre is too great; that the loss of weight in preparing is too great; or, that the material cannot be well bleached. He

* Has it never occurred to any of the experimentalists, to try to ascertain the process by which the Russian police authorities clear foreign newspapers of their objectionable articles? A process employed in such a manner must needs be inexpensive, and might therefore be expected to prove available for the object in view.—Ed.

farther states that, having consulted with the chief paper manufacturers, he finds that any new fibrous material must, to be serviceable, be obtainable at a lower price than that named by the Treasury—not exceeding one penny or three-halfpence per pound.

It is not improbable that British consuls are at this time collecting information in foreign countries respecting fibrous materials available for paper, and that we shall learn more on the matter by and by.

About Easter last, Dr. Forbes Royle read before the Society of Arts a valuable paper on the fibrous substances of India. He entered into a minute examination of the various plants of this kind: where they grow; to what extent they are abundant; from what port they might be shipped; at what price they could be obtained; to what purposes they are already applied; to what other purposes they might probably be applicable. From the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, it appears that naturalists have had their attention strongly directed to this subject for some time past. There has been even talk of a company for making paper from West India plants.

The inventors are looking out sharply for new processes, to be rendered available as soon as the botanists and naturalists have done their part of the work. We meet with sanguine descriptions

on all sides of us. The *Long Island Vindicator* describes a recent invention for utilizing a plant which grows abundantly in poor lands, and which can be brought into the state of pulp for one-sixth of a cent per pound; while another invention can make this pulp into paper at four cents per pound. Then there is the invention of M. Vivien, of Paris, whereby the leaves of ordinary trees are gathered, compressed into cakes, steeped in lime-water or alkaline solution, washed clean, ground to pulp, and made into paper. Then, again, there is MM. Hartmann and Schlesinger's wood-pulp process, which is, to say the least of it, curious and interesting. A tree is cut into blocks or logs; each block is pressed heavily against a grindstone; the grindstone is made to rotate two hundred times per minute; and the wood, wetted and ground at once, is rubbed off in the shape of a very fine pulp. This wood-pulp, mixed with rag-pulp in ratios varying from 10 to 90 per cent., produces paper of various kinds. The goodness of the paper, and the price at which it can be sold, will of course determine the fate of this as well as other new projects in paper-making.

The reader will now be in a position to know something concerning the nature and extent of the Paper Difficulty, and to welcome any improvements bearing on the subject.

From the Literary Gazette.

Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History. By Ann Hawshaw. John Chapman.

IN a series of about a hundred sonnets, the accomplished author gives a comprehensive and interesting sketch of Anglo-Saxon history. Few of the facts of importance recorded by the old chroniclers are here omitted; and references occur to traditional tales, which, if less authentic, are now inseparable from our early English annals. Prefixed to each sonnet is an extract from some author of note, or some explanatory remarks by which the thread of the metrical story is sustained. Some of the sonnets are written with spirit and force, and the poetry is pleasantly made the vehicle of historical facts and allusions. Here is one, with its introductory explanation:—"When he (Edwin, King of Northumbria) inquired of the high priest (Coifi) who should first profane the altars and temples of their idols, with the enclosures that were about them, he answered: "I; for who can, more properly than myself, destroy those things which I worshipped through ignorance?"*** As soon as he drew near the temple he profaned the same, casting into it the spear which he held;*** the place where the idols were is still shown, not far from York, to the eastward, beyond the River Derwent, and is now called Godmundingham. See *Bede's Ecclesiastical History*.

CHRISTIANITY RECEIVED BY THE SAXONS.

'T is easy on the accustomed path to tread
Worn by the feet of generations past;

But he who treads it first, or treads it last,
Venturing where all is silent as the dead—
Or lingering there when all besides are fled—

These are the lofty spirits who unfold
New views of greatness, or preserve the old.
Both noble, but by different natures led.
The Saxon story tells of one who flung
His fateful arrow at the idol's shrine,
While others round the mouldering ruins hung,
Whose desolation was to them divine:
Types of two classes who must ever be
Within a land that would be strong, yet free.

We give also the last of six sonnets on King Alfred:—

One hero fills a century, and the age
An Alfred filled might well be satisfied;
He slept within his tomb the Saxon's pride,
And History writ his name upon her page,
And hailed him patriot, statesman, poet, sage,
And Nature, in his children, bade him still
Live for the land he loved, and guard from ill
The shores round which the northern sea-steeds
rage;
Son, daughter, grandson, echoes of his fame,
Bore on to after years, until they died
On coward hearts, and not that hero name
Could rouse to manly hope or noble pride;
Priest-ridden, slavish, down they bow the head
To the proud churchman, or the despot's trend.

From some of the historical readings and reflections of the author we may be disposed to dissent; but we commend her book as much for its historical information as its poetical merit.

From the Economist.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.—RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

BY DR. MICHELSEN

OPINIONS still vary as to the extent of the internal resources of Russia and the possibility of her protracting the present war for a length of time. The following observations may perhaps assist us in solving the question at issue. By *capital*, we now understand not only money, goods and other material property, but also each and all things from which an income or rent is derived. Capital embraces both bodily and mental labor, physical and intellectual skill; capital is in short the fundamental stock by which we earn an income, whether by lending out money or by cultivating land, or even by practising a trade, art, or science. The more, consequently, that capital is increased in value by improvement, employment, and usefulness, the more ought it to become lucrative and profitable. Capital lies without and within man; it must frequently be turned over by renewed labor, work, and operation, to enhance its value and render it more productive. We thus clearly see that *capital and labor*, instead of being two opposite interests, are on the contrary congruous elements, by whose union wealth, power, and greatness may be obtained. Nay, without that union there can be no real acquisition, no material gain, no production, and consequently no increase of private riches or national wealth. A capital that remains unemployed and withdrawn from the operations of labor, is a dead, unfruitful, and self-consuming capital, and, like the energies of the mind and body, proves fatal to the possessor by lying idle and dormant. The State and the individual not less, the more they have put faith and reliance upon the barren dross, the more are they sure to hasten towards ruin, decay, and insolvency. The vast quantities of gold and silver that flowed into the coffers of the Crown of Spain from Peru and Mexico during the 16th century, have, no less than despotism and the Inquisition, contributed to ruin the finest of all European countries, and demoralize the noblest of all European nations. A comparison between the conditions of England and Russia will practically demonstrate our position. Let us cast an economical glance at the largest capital of the aristocracy of the two countries, their landed property. The area of the Russian nobility is a hundred times more extensive than that of the English, and yet how valueless, how little productive, is a square mile even in the best and finest parts of Southern Russia as compared with only the tenth part of that space even in the worst part of England. Narrowed liberty more than bad climate has converted blissful labor upon Russian soil into a curse and calamity, has checked the increase of her population, has left the country, with all its natural riches, in a state of abject poverty, and plunged the inhabitants into filth, misery, and gross ignorance. The immense stock, the capital of the landowners, remains almost unproductive, for want of knowl-

edge how to unite it with labor; and being unproductive, it becomes of less value than in any other country of the civilized world; though, in purchasing *land* in Russia, the power of labor (the serfs) is included in the bargain. What England is, on the other hand, with her flourishing agriculture, excellent farms, and the enormous price of her acres, are facts too well known to need recapitulation. At a sale of a farm in England, a hundred individuals will attend and bid for its possession, while in Russia there may be offered for sale a hundred farms before one single bidder will present himself for the speculation. To draw a comparison between the conditions of the laboring classes in the two countries is to draw a parallel between the light of a bright sun and that of a dim rush-light. The lowest laborer in the factories at Manchester eats finer bread than the richest Boyer in the interior of Russia; the poorest girl employed in the looms at Leeds would turn sick at the sight of the couch on which reposes the maiden of one of the richest Crown peasants in Russia. The stable man in a farm-yard in Durham occupies a cleaner room, consumes more healthy food, wears much better clothes, and bears under all circumstances more pride and independence in his heart, than the head steward of one of the wealthiest nobles in the Crimea. Also the capital of the Russian laborer, his physical strength, his *mechanical skill* is valueless, because the great benefits derivable from the union of capital and labor are things as yet unknown in the vast empire of the Czar. Labor in the interior of Russia commands, therefore, not the fourth part as much as labor commands in England, and commands still less than labor commands in the United States, though the population of the latter is in proportion to the extent of the area not much more dense than that in Russia. In the United States, there is still a closer union between capital and labor by the absence of all restrictive laws in the free disposal of landed property, by the non-existence of primogeniture, sinecures, entails, etc. In the interior of Russia, it is true, provisions are uncommonly cheap, but cheapness there is the result of general poverty, and want of proper means for internal communication, transport, and intercourse. Nor are the consequences of that cheapness less fatal to the country at large. Trade is thereby in a state of stagnation; intercourse in the exchange of production is checked; productions prove unprofitable; labor is considered a low, mean, and contemptible occupation; excess and abundance exist in some provinces, and dearth and scarcity in others; the same article that costs at one place 10 roubles, fetches six or seven times the price at another place, not perhaps 100 miles distant; and, finally, the Russian Government, with all its boasted treasures in the fortress vaults at St. Petersburg, a portion of which it managed to lend to some great Powers of Europe, has within the last few years not been able to obtain a loan of some millions sterling at the great stock exchanges of Europe, even at an exorbitant rate of interest. It would, however, on the other hand, be absurd to deny to Russia the possession of all the rich elements and undeveloped resources by which she might

attain wealth, power, and greatness, hardly equalled by any other country; but her perverted institutions, added to the semi-barbarous condition of her population, prevent a close union be-

tween capital and labor; and so long as that is the case, Russia will ever remain a *colossus of iron resting upon legs of clay*.

A NEW OPERA.

A literary friend of the *Boston Post*, has written a new opera, entitled the "Opera of the Omnibus." It embraces two parts, the first of which, extending from Dock Square to Boylston market, he sends to the *Post* for publication. For accuracy and vividness of description it is unequalled, and we doubt not will be received with favor by the musical public. Here it is.

ACT I. Scene I. Washington street. A four-wheeled vehicle in a rain storm, with seventeen passengers inside. Fat gentleman on the sidewalk, very wet, sings:—

Stay, driver, stay, and hear my woe,
You see I'm wet, completely so,
I'm reeking to the very skin—
Ope your door and let me in.

Chorus of voices inside—

All full inside,
All full inside,
Don't stop, driver, let her slide.

Driver through the ticket hole—

Stop your noise, don't make a bother,
There's always room for just one other.
Crowd up—crowd up—I say closer,
There's room enough in there I know, sir.

Stranger gets in, and treads on the toes of the first man by the door.

Stranger—Ask your grace, sir.
Sufferer—Mind my toe, sir.
Stranger—Crowded place, sir.
Sufferer—Too much so, sir.
See where drip your garments reeking,
O'er my lap a passage seeking;
And my pants, which spick-span new are,
Soon will be wet as you are.

Woman's voice in the corner—

Please don't crowd me to a jelly:
Take away your umberelly.

Response—

I'm not crowding—'tis my neighbor—
For my very breath I labor;
Let me take you on my lap—

Woman's voice—

No, you can't come that, old chap;
He that takes that task to do
Must be some likelier one than you.

Enter fare-taker—

Take your pay, sir.

Stranger—

What do you say, sir?
Pay for this I hadn't oughter,

Because, instead of land, we go by wa-a-a-
(three shakes)—ter.

Chorus of voices—

Joking,
Provoking,
See—how—we're—soak-ing—
Soaking, soaking.

Stranger—

Well, here's your pay—
But why thus stare?

Fare-taker—

Three-cent piece, sir,
Hardly fare!
Three cents more, sir—
(accompanies himself on the leather strap)—
Or there's the door, sir.
You may get wet, sir,
But out you get, sir.

Chorus of voices—

Oh, the cursed row that stops us—
Oh, the weight of wet that slops us!
Stay no more, my jolly driver,
He has paid it, every stiver.

(Sound of whip on the outside. Driver sings)—

Oh, I'm a jolly driver bold,
And I sits upon my throne;
My subjects is my horses,
And I rules 'em all alone.
I smokes and sings when I chooses,
And a happy dog I am,
A fare I never refuses,
But all inside I cram.
Room for one more's my motto
In this 'ere omni-bus,
Though I takes six more 'n I ought to,
I don't care a ———.

Wish to ride, sir?—plenty of room inside, sir!

Chorus of voices inside—

He cannot ride,
He cannot ride.
All full inside,
All full inside.

Testy passenger—

I'll get out and stand the weather,
Rather than thus jam together.

Another testy gentleman—

So will I, though it rain pitchforks,
I must say, I ne'er saw sich folks.

Grave man in the corner—

Friend after friend departs;
But let's be reconciled:
The water that upon 'em darts
Is n't biled—is n't biled.

From The Athenæum.

Domestic and Monetary Affairs of Voltaire; with an Introduction on the Manners of the Courts and Salons of the Eighteenth Century [Ménage et Finances de Voltaire, etc.]. By Louis Nicolardot. Paris: Dentu.

TWELVE pounds of wax candles sold every month instead of being burnt at Potsdam—a black coat borrowed from a friend, and, without permission, snipped and stitched into a tight fit for a special occasion,—such was the sum and substance of the accusation at first hurled by M. Nicolardot against the memory of Voltaire. It would scarcely have pierced his epidermis had he been alive. But his followers were more sensitive than the great satirist. Up went the *oriflamme* of "Philosophy;" and the Author of "Studies on Great Men" was treated, without much ceremony, as an old woman.

M. Nicolardot, upon this, gathered up his forces; and took three years to compose the denunciation of Voltaire now before us. Though his conclusions were irresistible, we could not find one word to say in praise of the tone in which he writes or the motives by which he seems to be actuated. He does not criticise and condemn a great writer, who exercised a pernicious influence. He digs up the body of the man, and tears it with the ferocity of a ghoul. We never closed a book with a sadder impression. The chapter in which the despair and physical sufferings of the philosopher of Ferney at his last hour are gloated over—even if the accuracy of the details were beyond all doubt—produces a revulsion of feeling that certainly does not answer its purpose.

Voltaire exercised a wonderful influence over his age, which he represented whilst he helped to form it. He was the most French of all Frenchmen. If then it can be proved that he was a miser and a rogue (*fripon*), we must scatter to the winds all the fine phrases composed to celebrate the marvellous eighteenth century. This, says M. Nicolardot, is the reason that when Voltaire is attacked others cry out. You seem to stab a figure of a bygone time worked in old tapestry; but you kill the living man behind the arras. This is precisely what our author intends. He will not separate Voltaire from his age or from his school; and he begins his undertaking by devoting some two hundred pages to the proof that nearly all the great names of that great century—whether they belonged to kings or philosophers—were stained with every kind of vice, from meanness and pilfering to sacrilege and murder—all through the gamut of villany. He undertakes to judge their private characters—according to the advice of another great destroyer of reputations, M. Veuillot—by the Penal Code, as if they were on their trial; and

maintains that if justice were done, few reformers would escape with less than five years at the galleys, whilst many moralists would come in for perpetual imprisonment. Ther-sites and Timon would grin and chuckle over such a book.

The tone in which M. Nicolardot assaults kings and queens, from John the Fifth of Portugal—throwing cudgels at the portly Dominicans, who slept and snored when he went to matins—to George the Third, who would not pay the debts of his father, or those of the Prince of Wales, or his own; and then to Marie Antoinette, "who forgot her majesty as a queen and her dignity as a woman"—all this, we say, might lead a hasty reader to suppose that he had to do with a fierce Republican doing customary vengeance on crowned heads.

But the Zoilus of modern philosophy does not draw his gall from that fountain. His great complaint of the eighteenth century is not that it persecuted the prophets, but that it persecuted the Jesuits. M. Villemain, at the Academy, was compelled, the other day, to scold the Abbé Gratry, whilst granting him a prize, for complaining of the "Provincial Letters" as a mistake. This is the tendency of the day in France. But M. Nicolardot knows no half measures. He boldly maintains that the expulsion of the Jesuits was an act at once "monstrous, insane, and sacrilegious," and hurls at the heads of those who performed it a string of words rarely admitted into literature. This is the reason why he tells the whole truth of Louis the Fifteenth; and maintains that his "martyr" son—the only sovereign who has succeeded to his father in France for a hundred and fifty years—was never in higher glee than when killing cats on the roof of the Palace of Versailles. One king expelled, the other did not restore the Jesuits:—hence, in the highway of poetical justice, one was guillotined by the mob and the other is murdered by M. Nicolardot.

The chronicler of "The Domestic and Monetary Affairs of Voltaire" has no notion of the rules of Art. Give him a pencil, and he will paint you a portrait in which the shadow shall spread over the whole face, with not a gradation even to indicate form. There is but one color upon his palette. We are sure that if, by involuntary obedience to the laws of contrast, he had recorded one single favorable trait, he would have repented of it as of an evil action.

M. Nicolardot undertakes to prove that Voltaire was sordid, grasping and dishonest. Among the instances he quotes, is an anecdote preserved by Marmontel, which surely may be looked at in a more good-humored light. The philosopher was bargaining with a dealer for a hunting-knife, and offered eighteen francs instead of a louis, which was asked. The man

stuck to his price, and averred that to abate a sou would be to do wrong to his children.—“You have children?” exclaimed Voltaire. “Yes, five; three boys and two girls, the youngest of whom is twelve years old.”—“Well, we must see if we can get situations for the boys and husbands for the girls. I have friends at court and credit in public offices. So, my good man, let us finish this bargain. There are your eighteen francs.” But all this cajolery was not effectual, and the hunting-knife was at length bought for a louis. Marmontel relates the incident to illustrate the perseverance of Voltaire in trifling matters: most readers accept it as a whimsical illustration of a whimsical character; but M. Nicolardot, less charitable, finds in it one great reason for putting the philosopher in the same niche with Harpagon.

On another occasion Voltaire, misunderstanding an expression of the President De Brosses, thought he had received a present of fourteen loads of wood, whereas, he was really expected to pay for them. The explanation was made rather disagreeably; and thereupon a correspondence, not very creditable to either side, took place. The affair, which seems to have been rather a question of self-love than parsimony, was magnified at the time into a mighty quarrel, and is repeated in all its details by M. Nicolardot. Voltaire, like other wits, sometimes preferred losing his credit to losing his joke. He refused to pay for some hay which he had ordered of a peasant. “But,” said the latter, “I have your word.” “Ha! you have my word? well, keep it and the hay likewise.” The accuser registers this as a crime, and will not suffer us to laugh at the retort. It is dangerous to jest in dull company. “I have seen so many men of letters

poor and despised,” says Voltaire, “that I am determined not to augment the number. In France every one must be hammer or anvil. I was born to be an anvil. I am determined to become a hammer.” In other words, Voltaire made it part of his mission to rescue literature in his person from the degrading position it had so long occupied. M. Nicolardot is hereupon indignant. Then, there was that shabby change of name, from Arouet to Voltaire! We admit it,—and confess that it strikes us as a bit of pardonable policy. Others did—and still do—the same in France. M. Sartine was originally Sardine. Lekam’s family still bears the name of Cain Georges. M. Leclerc did not become a man of genius until his father bought the estate of Buffon, near Montbard. The Abbé Raynal got on by other means. He obtained an order to say a mass daily for a franc; but when he improved his position, he passed it to the Abbé La Porte, retaining eight sous for himself; and his substitute soon afterwards underlet it again for four sous. These were things allowed in those easy times; and Voltaire has only left himself open to so many attacks because of his vast activity and complete success. His books brought him much; but speculation brought him more. He bought and sold all manner of shares, and ventured money in the Barbary corn trade. The result was that he built up a princely fortune, and became a landed proprietor; and if M. Nicolardot has succeeded in showing that in the race after wealth he often ran through very dirty places, and in the use of it was undignified and parsimonious, the conviction will scarcely repay the ordinary reader for the trouble of seeking it in this vast mass of evidence.

PARAFFINE.—The “Scientific American” has this in reference to the recent discovery of a new valuable mineral:—

By the “Edinburgh Witness,” Hugh Miller’s paper, we learn that, at a law-suit lately prosecuted in London, one of the parties, James Young, of Bathgate, on being sworn, deposed that “he manufactured and sold at the rate of 8,000 gallons a week” of the paraffine oil, which is procured from the Torbanehill new mineral. 8,000 gallons a week are 416,000 a year; and accordingly Mr. Young’s counsel, Mr. Bramwell, stated that his client sold, in round numbers, “400,000 gallons of his oil yearly,”—Mr. Bramwell adding, “at five shillings per gallon.” That is, Mr. Young stated, while his counsel repeated the statement, that from the chemical works near Bathgate, which prepare the paraffine oil procured from the Torbanehill mineral, there are

sold of that valuable oil £100,000 (nearly \$500,000) worth yearly; and it is to be borne in mind that the greater portion of this very large yearly sum is *clear profit*. It was also added that Mr. Young was the only one of many parties in Europe who ordered and obtained this mineral for making oil and producing gas. This mineral is only obtained from a small district in Scotland; and, from the foregoing, some idea of its immense value, in a commercial point of view, may be obtained.

We invite the attention of our geologists and mineralogists to search for minerals of the same character and quality in our own country. We have no doubt but they exist in some of our extensive and rich coal basins, especially in the neighborhood of the cannel coal-beds in Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana, and Missouri.

From The Tribune.

DEATH OF LOCKHART.

THE London journals received by the Pacific announce the death of John Gibson Lockhart as having taken place on the 25th of November. His health had been failing for the last two or three years; and in 1853, he made an ineffectual attempt for its improvement by travelling on the continent.

Lockhart was well known in the world of letters, by several fictitious productions of considerable merit; but his claim to distinction mainly rests on his biography of Sir Walter Scott, and his connection as editor-in-chief with "The Quarterly Review." He was the son of a Glasgow clergyman; and originally intended for the profession of law, commenced his academic education at the University of that city, which he completed at Balliol College, Oxford. Admitted to the Scottish bar, he made no progress in the legal career,—his professional fees falling short of £50 a year. His inclination led him to a literary vocation, and from the first he relied for support on the productions of his pen. After the peace of 1815, he went to Germany for purposes of study, and became acquainted with several of the distinguished authors of that country. Here he laid the foundation for his knowledge of German literature, in which he subsequently attained uncommon proficiency.

His first meeting with Scott was in 1818, after his return from Germany. A few months afterward, he published the work entitled "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," which soon became famous for its gossiping sketches of the most popular celebrities then on the stage, and its caustic satire of the writer's personal and political opponents. At a later period of life, Lockhart confessed that "it was a book which none but a very young and a very thoughtless person would have written."

In 1820, he published "Valerius, a Roman Story," which attained a certain degree of eminence, and is now regarded as an uncommonly successful specimen of the classical novel. This was followed by "Reginald Dalton," "Adam Blair," and "Gilbert Earle," which made a marked impression on the public mind, both by the vigor of their style, and their effective delineation of passion. His "Life of Burns" appeared in 1825, as a contribution to "Constable's Miscellany," and in the same year he took the place of Gifford as editor of "The Quarterly Review." Upon the decease of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, he commenced the preparation of materials for his life, which in due season he embodied in the memoirs, that, in spite of numerous defects of temper and execution, form one of the most fascinating pieces of biography in the language.

The personal character of Lockhart appears to have been unamiable and repulsive. He was of a sceptical disposition, a satirist, a scoffer, a truculent and vindictive enemy. His management of "The Quarterly Review" was marked by the absence of literary conscientiousness, a fierceness of prejudice often tinged with malig-

nity, and a cynical contempt of every noble and generous sentiment. In a notice of the deceased, one of the leading London journals remarks:—

"All the world was always aware of the sins of 'The Quarterly,' under Lockhart's management; and the best informed had cause to view them the most severely. Everybody knows what Croker's political articles were like. Everybody knows how the publisher was now and then compelled to re-publish, as they had originally stood, articles which had been interpolated, by Croker and Lockhart (whose names were always associated in regard to the review), with libels and malicious jokes. In their recklessness they drew upon themselves an amount of reprobation in literary circles which thin-skinned men could never have endured. Now, the young author of a father's biography was invited by the editor to send him early proof-sheets, for the benefit of a speedy review; and the review did what it could to damn the book before it was fairly in the hands of the public. And now, the vanity of some second or third rate author was flattered and drawn out, in private intercourse, to obtain material for a caricature in the next 'Quarterly.' As an able man, a great admirer of the literary merits of 'The Review,' and no sufferer by it, observed:—The well-connected and vigorous and successful have nothing to apprehend from 'The Quarterly;' but as sure as they are old, or blind, or deaf, or absent on their travels, or superannuated, or bankrupt, or dead,—The Quarterly is upon them."

The cheerless gloom which shrouded the close of his life, is alluded to by the same writer, showing a picture of desolation sufficiently sombre to gratify the most vindictive enemy:—

"The good-will which he did not seek in his happy days, was won for him by the deep and manifold sorrows of his latter years. The extraordinary sweep made by death in his wife's family is a world-wide wonder and sorrow. Lady Scott went first; and the beloved child—Lockhart's intelligent boy, so well known under the name of Hugh Littlejohn—died when the grandfather's mind was dim and clouded. Soon after Scott's death, his younger daughter and worn-out nurse followed him; and in four years more, Mrs. Lockhart. The young Sir Walter died childless, in India; and his brother Charles, unmarried, in Persia. Lockhart was left with a son and a daughter.

"As years and griefs began to press heavily upon him, new sorrow arose in his narrow domestic circle. His son was never any comfort to him, and died in early manhood. The only remaining descendant of Scott, Lockhart's daughter, was married, and became so fervent and obedient a Catholic, as to render all intimate intercourse between the forlorn father and his only child impossible. He was now opulent. An estate had descended to him through an elder brother; and he held an office—that of Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall—which yielded him £300 a year. He had given up the labor of editing 'The Quarterly;' but what were opulence and leisure to him now? Those who saw him in his daily walk in London, his handsome

countenance—always with a lowering and sardonic expression—now darkened with sadness, and the thin lips compressed more than ever, as by pain of mind, forgave, in respectful compassion for one so visited, all causes of quarrel, however just, and threw themselves, as it were, into his mind; seeing again the early pranks with Christopher North, the dinings by the brook at Chiefswood, the glories of the Abbotsford sporting parties, the travels with Scott (so like an ovation!) in Ireland, and the home in Re-

gent's Park, with the gentle Sophia presiding. Comparing these scenes with the actual forlornness of his last years, there was no heart that could not pity and forgive, and carefully award him his due, as a writer who has given much pleasure in his day, and left a precious bequest to posterity in his life of the great novelist, purged, as we hope it will be, of what ever is untrue and unkind, and rendered as safe as it is beautiful."

From Household Words.

HENRY THE NINTH OF ENGLAND!

A CORRESPONDENT, writing about a King who does not appear in the history of England, announces that he possesses a medal, bearing the representation in bold relief of a head, apparently that of an ecclesiastic, the circumscription being: "HEN. IX. MAG. BRIT. PR. ET. HIB. REX. FID. DEF. CARD." On the reverse is a large cross supported by the Virgin; a lion sorrowfully crouches at her feet, with eyes directed as it seems to the crown of Britain, lying on the ground.

Behind, to the right, is a bridge, backed by hills and a cathedral, probably St. Peter's at Rome. On this side, the inscription is: "NON DESIDERIUS. HOMINUM. SED. VOLUNTATE. DEI. AN. MDCCCLXXXVIII."

The manner in which this medal came into the possession of an Englishman, was somewhat singular. At the time when an English army was serving in the Calabrias, and assisting Ferdinand the Fourth of Spain against Bonaparte, a British officer happened to get separated from his regiment, and, while wandering near Canne in Basilicata, in dread of immediate capture (since he was in the rear of Massena's lines), he sought protection at a handsome villa by the roadside. He was hospitably received by a venerable man, who proved to be a Cardinal. The curiosity of the refugee being excited by the interest which the Italian dignitary appeared to take in the welfare of the British, he ventured to demand whom he might have the pleasure of addressing; the reply was simply: "Your King!"

When the officer had recovered from his surprise, the Cardinal presented him with the medal; and, from him, it came to the writer. It was one of those struck upon the death of Prince Charles, to commemorate the imaginary succession to the crown of England of Henry Stuart, the Cardinal Duke of York, in whom the direct line of the Stuart race terminated; and who now sheltered the fugitive soldier.

It is well known that this prelate was, until the day of his death, the secret idol of many in whom the last hopes for the restoration of the kingdom of Great Britain to the family of the Stuarts were centred. He was the second son of the Pretender, and was born at Rome, on the 26th of March, 1725. When twenty years of age, in the much celebrated "forty-five," he went to France

for the purpose of heading fifteen thousand French infantry, which assembled at Dunkirk to invade England, and to re-establish the Stuarts on the throne. But, after the battle of Culloden, the contemplated invasion of England was abandoned. Henry retraced his steps to Rome, and took orders, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views. His advancement in the Church was rapid; for, in 1747, he was made cardinal by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth.

He lived in tranquillity, at Rome, for nearly fifty years; but, in 1798, when French bayonets drove Pope Pius the Sixth from the pontifical chair, Henry Stuart fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati. His days were now days of want; his only means of subsistence being the produce of a few articles of silver plate, which he had snatched from the ruin of his property. Infirm in health, a houseless, almost penniless wanderer (Napoleon having robbed him of his estates), he endeavored, at the age of seventy-three, to seek refuge in forgotten obscurity.

George the Third was informed of the Cardinal Duke's poverty and pitiable situation by the kindly interference of Sir John Cox Hippisley. It is said that the King was much moved by the distressing recital; and, in 1800, Lord Minto was ordered to make a remittance of two thousand pounds, with an intimation that the Cardinal might draw for two thousand more in the following July. It was also made known that an annuity of four thousand pounds was at his service, so long as his circumstances required it. He was spared seven years to enjoy this munificent pension, and died at Rome in 1807, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was buried between his father and brother at Frascati. His tomb, sculptured by Canova, bears as inscription, the name of Henry the Ninth.

The Cardinal Duke, down to the very day of his death, although in the receipt of a munificent pension from England, was in communication with several noblemen, who still indulged the hope of placing him upon the throne of Great Britain. Among the Cardinal's papers were discovered letters from active partisans both in Ireland and Scotland; but the English government wisely took no notice of these awkward revelations. Had they done so, many men of high rank and great influence would have been brought to a severe account.

From The New York Times.

THE LESSON OF BARNUM'S LIFE.

IN this country, more perhaps than in any other, success is regarded as the test of worth:—and Barnum is the embodiment and impersonation of success. From being poor and obscure, he has rapidly made himself very rich and very famous. As a natural consequence he is watched, admired, and envied, by hundreds of thousands who are as poor as he was, and who are anxious to be rich as he is. Young men, especially—that vast army of our American youth just entering upon active life, and embracing more of intellect, of intelligence, of active energy, and enterprise, than can be found, perhaps, elsewhere in the world—look to Barnum, with eager wonder and emulation. How has his splendid success been achieved? To what qualities of character—to what business faculties, is it due? Mr. Barnum has written his life in order to satisfy these interrogations. He has narrated, step by step, the history of his career—pointing out, for the amusement of the curious, and the instruction of the ambitious, the path by which he has risen from poverty to wealth, and from obscurity to conspicuous influence. Of course the book will be eagerly and widely read. It will produce a very marked effect upon the sentiments and the conduct of the great body of the youth of America. It will do much towards guiding their ambition—shaping their plans and directing their career. What is the lesson it is likely to teach?

The great fact which Mr. Barnum sets forth in this biography of himself, is that his success has been achieved—his wealth acquired—his reputation and consideration established, by the systematic, adroit, and persevering plan of *obtaining money under false pretences from the public at large*. This is the beginning and the end of his enterprise, and the great secret of his success. He seems, occasionally, conscious of the fact, and seeks to cloak it under phrases and forms of speech. He calls it *humbug*—and, under the seeming candor of confession, palliates it by a variety of apologies and explanations. We must take men as we find them:—human nature is full of weaknesses, of which it is our right to take advantage; men like to be deceived, if it is so cleverly done as to seem amusing—no wrong is done, if they get what they consider an equivalent for their money. These are some of the moral maxims and reflections which are brought forward to palliate and excuse the leading fact, that his wealth has been acquired by a complicated system of falsehood and fraud. Mr. Barnum does not deny that the representations which have made his schemes successful, have been false and fraudulent—

his only effort is to make the public appear to have been an accomplice in his plans, instead of their victim.

Mr. Barnum's profession has been that of a *showman*—a business that may be honestly pursued. But he takes special pains to proclaim the fact, that he pursued it dishonestly. He never recognized the slightest obligations, in the prosecution of it, to tell the truth, or offer his exhibitions to the public upon their merits. He said that Tom Thumb was *eleven* years old, when he knew he was only *five*.—He represented Joice Heth as having been the nurse of Washington, when he knew she had not. He proclaimed that the Feejee mermaid was the remains of an actual animal, when he knew that it was a base fabrication. He asserted that the Woolly Horse was captured by Col. Fremont, in the Rocky Mountains, when he knew that there was not one syllable of truth in the assertion. In all these schemes, as well as in all the others in which he has been engaged, Mr. Barnum coined and promulgated the most distinct and deliberate falsehoods, and solicited and received money from millions of individuals on the strength of them. This was the way in which his fortune has been acquired. Other men do the same thing on a small scale. They sell sand for sugar—chicory for coffee—counterfeit bills for good ones; they seldom get rich, and more frequently get into the State Prison. But this is not the fault of the *principle* of their action; but only of the mode in which it is carried out. They do not act upon a shrewd knowledge of human nature. They do not enlist the weaknesses of their victims on their side. They neither pique their curiosity, nor tempt their credulity, nor give them any chance to laugh at the cheat, as a good joke. They are mere prosaic, common-place, and therefore unsuccessful, swindlers. Let them study Barnum's life; master the whole art and mystery of their business—learn the advantage of doing things on a grand scale, and with a flourish of trumpets—steer clear of the embarrassments which jealous laws have thrown in the way of such pursuits—and take courage from Barnum's success, as well as lessons from his experience. *Then* if they fail, the fault must be their own.

Nothing in this book is more remarkable than the obvious insensibility of Mr. Barnum to the real character of its disclosures. He takes an evident pride in the boldness and enormity of the impositions by which he has amassed his fortune. He does not confess them, he *boasts* of them. He has written his life for the sake of convincing the world—not that he is a moral or an upright man, not that he is capable of generous acts and of manly conduct—but that he is just the shrewdest and sharpest Yankee that this hemisphere has yet

produced. This is with him, the highest point of ideal greatness. Whenever he chronicles an apparently noble and generous deed—such as his voluntary offer to make a more advantageous contract with Jenny Lind than the one she had accepted—he takes special pains to add, that he did it on calculation, and from a selfish motive, and not from generosity, or a sense of justice. He seems to fear that he shall be suspected of having sometimes acted without an eye to the main chance, and interpolates disclaimers into his narrative whenever they may seem to be required. There is an occasional intimation, that this is done from an excess of candor, and to prevent the suspicion that he is claiming more credit than belongs to him; but this is intended only to make the impression more effective. Mr. Barnum is proud of his sagacity—of his tact in playing upon the weaknesses of others, and of his skill in profiting by the public credulity. He feels that his strength lies in this faculty, rather than in strict adherence to lofty morals, and a nice sense of the rule of right. He accordingly sacrifices all other considerations to the desire of standing before the world as the most remarkable product of American genius in the art of making money. The whole book is written for this purpose, and all its incidents are skillfully adapted to produce the desired effect. He has shown very great invention in the variety of stories of his childhood and youth, his early experience, and the various steps by which he ripened from very small beginnings, into the stupendous and magnificent master of the art of deception, which he has since become. Judging from his book, he seems to have been a humbug from his cradle. He would have it understood, that he was born to the greatness he has since achieved. He cheated in long clothes, and had become an adept at practical jokes, before he reached the dignity of a roundabout. In all this, there is a good deal that is amusing, though, of course, no one is required, and probably not expected, to believe it. It is all part and parcel of the system which the book is written to reveal.

We confess our surprise, that Mr. Barnum should have published this Autobiography, for we had given him credit for better judgment and more discretion. He had amassed a fortune, by means generally suspected to have not been scrupulously honorable, but which were very likely to be overlooked or forgotten in the more creditable and legitimate enterprises of his more recent life. His engagement of Jenny Lind was universally regarded as a public benefit, and evinced a bold sagacity which won him very great credit. He was establishing a reputation as a business man of marked ability, and was fast outliving the questionable reputation which public suspicion, rather than any known facts, had given him. He seems to have felt himself in some danger of subsiding into the commonplace character of an enterprising, honest and successful man; so he has written this book to prevent the possibility of such a catastrophe. He has chosen his means with his usual sagacity; he will be quite as successful in this design, as in any of the others by which his life has been distinguished.

The book will be very widely read, and will do infinite mischief. It will encourage the tendency, always too strong in the young men of this country, to seek fortune by other means than industry in the worthy pursuit of the honorable business on which the welfare of society depends. It will stimulate an eagerness for dashing experiments on public credulity, and multiply the numbers, already too large, of those who live by their wits, and seek fortune by pandering to the vices or the weaknesses of the public at large. We do not suppose it was Mr. Barnum's intention to exert such an influence when he wrote his life—for its prevalent tone shows clearly his entire unconsciousness, that there is anything in his career, which the noblest minded and the worthiest might not admire and emulate. But the book will have that effect, so far as it has any beyond the indulgence of that vapid curiosity which it has been the business of Mr. Barnum's life to stimulate and gratify.

FREE TRADE REACHING EGYPT.—SAID PASHA, we are told by a letter from Alexandria of Nov. 7th, in the "Times," "has been availing himself of the high prices of grain to sell off his stocks, and his Highness has declared his intention of not having in future any Government produce. He is not to interfere at all with the cultivation of the land, which henceforth is to be quite free, and he will allow the growers to sell directly to the merchants, as best suits them, and he will levy the taxes and tithes in cash. The extensive lands cultivated directly by the Government will be leased to the natives, and there will no longer be any Minister of Commerce. This measure, if fully and permanently carried out, will vastly benefit the country,

as the natives, who are keenly alive to their own interests, only require to be left alone to extend and improve the cultivation of the land." This is a most important step towards extending cultivation in Egypt. If Said Pasha has the wisdom to follow it up it will, ere many years have elapsed, make Egypt again a great corn-growing country, and enable it to supply the manufacturing countries of Europe. A better time for such a measure than the present—when corn, after a great harvest, is dear throughout Europe—could not be selected. The certain success which must now attend it will, we trust, secure the continuance of this policy.—*Economist*

From Chambers's Journal.

MUSIC IN METAL.

No one who lives within hearing of Bow-bells, or of any other such tinnitubal distributors of sound, but knows that metal is sonorous. Some people like the sound of bells; some the clang of cymbals; some the click of a smith's hammer on the anvil; while others find no metallic music so pleasing as the ring of gold and silver coins on the counter. Every silversmith knows that a piece of bent sheet-silver, heated, will hum and sing when placed on a block of cold iron, which is a different sort of music to that produced by percussion, and thus it might appear that the subject of music in metal is speedily exhausted. But in this last-mentioned fact a property is involved of a very remarkable nature—namely, that metals, under certain circumstances, produce their own music, and sing in such a style as to surprise the listener.

The thing was discovered in a curious way in a stirring year—that which saw the battle of Trafalgar—by Mr. Schwartz, an inspector of smelting-works in Saxony. He had melted some silver in a ladle, and being impatient for it to cool, turned out the hemispherical mass as soon as it solidified, on a cold iron anvil, when, to his astonishment, musical tones came from it similar, as he described, to those of an organ. The strange occurrence got talked about, and a learned German professor having heard of it, visited the smelting-works, and had the experiment repeated in his presence. He, too, heard the sounds, but he did not think them equal to those of an organ, and noticed that they were accompanied by vibrations in the lump of silver, and that when these ceased, the sounds ceased also. It was a curious fact, and there the matter rested.

Twenty-five years later, the same phenomenon was discovered, but in a different way, near the foot of the Cheviots, by Mr. Arthur Trevelyan, who, to quote an account of the incident, "was engaged in spreading pitch with a hot plastering iron, and observing in one instance that the iron was too hot, he laid it slantingly against a block of lead which happened to be at hand. Shortly afterwards he heard a shrill note, resembling that produced on the chanter of the small Northumberland pipes—an instrument played by his father's gamekeeper. Not knowing the cause of the sound, he thought that this person might be practising out of doors; but on going out, the sound ceased to be heard, while on his return he heard it as shrill as before. His attention was at length attracted to the hot iron, which he found to be in a state of vibration, and thus discovered the origin of the strange music."

Here was something to set an ingenious mind at work; and as nothing happens without a cause, except the breaking of domestic crockery, Mr. Trevelyan, having asked the advice of Dr. Reid of Edinburgh, set himself to discover the cause of the music. He made a number of careful experiments, during which he ascertained that a "rocker," as he called it, brought out the loudest and clearest notes, and he described his proceedings so well, that they were published in

the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The rocker here mentioned is an instrument bearing some resemblance to the bevelled soldering-iron used by tinmen. Imagine a piece of brass, four inches long, somewhat similar in shape to the outer half of a broad old-fashioned sash-bar, with a thin groove passing from end to end of its narrowest edge, and with a slim, straight handle of the same metal, terminating in a knob, and you have the rocker. The mode of using it will be presently explained.

Professor Faraday next took up the subject, and made it the theme of a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution, embodying an explanation of the phenomenon—lucid and apprehensible, as his explanations always are. He confirmed Mr. Trevelyan's view as to the tones being due to an alternate expansion and contraction caused by the heat. This it is that sets the rocker vibrating; and according to the rapidity or slowness of the vibrations, such is the pitch of the tone. The particular way in which the expansion takes place is, that the groove in the edge of the rocker makes it a double edge, and whenever the heated rocker is placed, resting on a mass of lead, a couple of little prominences or hills rise up, immediately under the points of contact, being the natural effect of expansion caused by heat. At the same moment the rocker begins to vibrate, and no sooner is one side raised than the hill on that side suddenly sinks, owing to the rapid absorption of its heat by the surrounding mass of lead. The consequence is, that the rocker descends through a greater distance than it rose, whereby the other edge being raised, the same effect is produced on the opposite side; and thus the vibrations continue as long as there is a sufficient difference of temperature between the two metals. The movement, as here described, affords an instance of a curious maintaining power; for "the force which really lifts the rocker is on one side of the centre of gravity, while the rising side of the rocker itself is on the other; and the point under process of heating is always moving towards the other, which is under process of cooling."

Although, as yet, there does not appear to be any way of turning these experiments to a practical use, they are of much importance in a scientific point of view, as shown by the researches of Dr. Tyndall, professor of natural philosophy at the Royal Institution. He has repeated the experiments, and extended them to other substances, besides metals, finding in all of them a confirmation of Mr. Faraday's views, and proving, what had been denied—that a tone can be produced by two metals of the same kind in contact; for instance, silver on silver, or copper on copper. In this case, however, the silver or copper rocker is made to rest on a very thin slip of the same metal held in a vice. Agates, and some other gems, rock-crystal, flint-spar, fossil-wood, glass and earthenware, will also give out tones to a heated rocker—the only condition of success appearing to be a clean and even edge in the substance under experiment. Among this class of substances, rock-salt exhibits extraordinary effects. Desirous of trying this mineral, Dr. Tyndall, whose remarks we have quoted

above, placed a partially cooled rocker on a mass of it, when, as he writes, "to my astonishment, a deep musical sound commenced immediately; the temperature of the rocker being at the time far below that of boiling water, and when the singing ended, was scarcely above blood heat." In this case, the want of an edge appears to be of no importance, for when "the heated rocker was laid on a large boulder-shaped mass of the salt, it commenced to sing immediately. I scarcely know a substance," adds Dr. Tyndall, "metallic or non-metallic, with which vibrations can be obtained with greater ease and certainty than with this mineral."

Now, here is something to furnish occupation for evening-hours during the coming winter, the experiments being such as may be tried by the fireside, and even in the drawing-room. A commencement may be made in a rough way by heating a poker, and placing it with the knob resting on a table, and the heated end on a block of cold lead. The singing will at once be heard.

Rockers of various kinds may next be introduced, made as above described, and placed so as to rest horizontally during the experiment. With a hand-vice, such as will fasten to the edge of a table, after the manner of a lady's pin-cushion, the thinnest slips of metal may be securely held while testing their quality. The effect, too, may be tried of pressing slightly with a knitting-needle on the back of the rocker immediately above the groove: it will be found that a whole octave of tones may be produced by varying the pressure; the lowest with least pressure, and shrillest with the highest.

Perhaps, after all, there may be more in the music of the spheres than a dream of poets or philosophers. We have all heard how that the statue of Memnon used to sing in the morning sunbeams, and who shall say that out of the experiments we have suggested may not come a musical instrument on which heat shall be the only performer! Wind will then have a rival.

From the Literary Gazette.

BABYLON.—TOWER OF BABEL.

THE French government, two or three years ago, sent three gentlemen to make scientific and artistic researches in Media, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia. One of them, M. Jules Oppert, has just returned to Paris, and it appears, from his report, that he and his colleagues thought it advisable to begin by confining themselves to the exploration of ancient Babylon. This task was one of immense difficulty, and it was enhanced by the excessive heat of the sun, by privations of all kinds, and by the incessant hostility of the Arabs. After a while M. Oppert's two colleagues fell ill, so that all the labors of the expedition devolved on him. He first of all made excavations of the ruins of the famous suspended gardens of Babylon, which are now known by the name of the Hall of Amran-ibn-Ali; and he obtained in them a number of curious architectural and other objects, which are destined to be placed in the Louvre at Paris, and which will be described hereafter. He next, in obedience to the special orders of his government, took measures for ascertaining the precise extent of Babylon—a matter which the reader is aware has always been open to controversy. He has succeeded in making a series of minute surveys, and in drawing up detailed plans of the immense city. His opinion is, that even the largest calculations as to its vast extent, are not exaggerated; and he puts down that extent at the astounding figure of 500 square kilometres, French measure (the square kilometre is 1196 square yards). This is very nearly eighteen times the size of Paris. But of course he does not say that this enormous area was occupied, or anything like it; it comprised within the walls huge tracts of cultivated lands and gardens, for supplying the population with food in the event of a siege.

M. Oppert has discovered the Babylonian and Assyrian measures, and by means of them has ascertained exactly what part of the city was inhabited, and what part was in fields and gardens. On the limits of the town, properly so called, stands at present the flourishing town of Hillah. This town, situated on the banks of the Euphrates, is built with bricks from the ruins, and many of the household utensils, and personal ornaments of its inhabitants are taken from them also. Beyond this town is the vast fortress, strengthened by Nebuchadnezzar, and in the midst of it is the royal palace—itself almost as large as a town. M. Oppert says, that he was also able to distinguish the ruins of the famous Tower of Babel—they are most imposing, and stand on a site formerly called Borsippa, or the Tower of Languages. The royal town, situated on the two banks of the Euphrates, covers a space of nearly seven square kilometres, and contains most interesting ruins. Amongst them are those of the royal palace, the fortress, and the suspended gardens. In the collection of curiosities which M. Oppert has brought away with him, is a vase, which he declares to date from the time of one of the Chaldean sovereigns named Narambel, that is, somewhere about one thousand six hundred years before Jesus Christ; also a number of copies of cuneiform inscriptions which he has every reason to believe that he will be able to decipher.

What further honors may await Lord Raglan we cannot say; but Her Majesty has already conferred on him the rank of Field Marshal, and in due time the country will no doubt see him rewarded, as other great commanders have been, by elevation in the peerage and a large addition to his income.—*Economist*.

From Household Words.

MR. WHITTLESTICK.

In the San Francisco newspaper, entitled the Wide West, Mr. Whittlestick amused the people at the diggings with a sketch of Californian character. The diggers liked to see their every-day acquaintances in print, and called for a corrected and revised edition of Whittlestick's works. This has duly appeared in twenty-four pages large octavo, from the press of "Bonestell and Williston, Court Block, Clay Street, one door below the Post Office, San Francisco."

Herein the miner may read about himself. If he be an unsuccessful miner, this is his character:—He knows California to be a humbug. In his judgment the mines must soon give out. He thinks that if he had arrived in '49 he could have made his fortune. But not in digging. No! Head work is what he was cut out for. There was a fine opening in '49 for any man of talent and energy to speculate in real estate. He don't believe half the tales told about profitable mining. People can't fool *him* with their stories. California being a humbug, he would go home if he hadn't to admit when he got home that Jim and Tom knew just how it would be—that they were right and that he was wrong. He won't admit that. He will starve first. He is pretty nigh starving. He could go and work by the day for the Rattle Gulch Water and Mining Company, but he likes independence; and as he has his mind to cultivate, objects to doing forced labor for more than eight hours a day. Prospecting is, in his opinion, the only way to strike a lead. The big strokes are what he is after. He don't want merely to make a living—he could have done that at home. His luck will turn some day. It is all luck. Brooks went home with a fortune, and told the unsuccessful miner's friends that the unsuccessful miner hadn't half worked. It isn't work that does it—it is luck. Brooks would have worked for nothing if he hadn't been so lucky; besides, Brooks was avaricious. The unsuccessful miner has slaved it in California long enough; Australia is the place for him; wishes he had gone there at once; want of capital is the only thing that hinders him from going now. Too many persons are allowed to come into the diggings. In his opinion it is immigration that has ruined the mines. He believes in quartz mining. Thinks that the directors of a quartz mining company make a snug thing of it, and wouldn't mind starting such a company himself, if he could find purchasers for stock. Seldom writes home.

The glass is next presented to the face of the successful miner:—In the opinion of the successful miner, the idea that the mines are

worked out is all stuff. He does not believe in luck; attributes his own good fortune to innate force of character. Believes that he would have got along anywhere, and that any man who really works in the mines can do well. Never wearies of writing home to his friends, especially to those who always told him, etc. Thinks the unsuccessful miner rather green in his speculations, but sees clearly that his own losses in quartz mining and town lots were unavoidable. Has an interest in one or two stores, in different parts of the mines, and is very apt to mention those localities to the new-comers who may ask his opinion, as the likeliest places at which to begin. Considers prospecting a very good thing; but as long as he has a claim affording an average yield, prefers that some one else should do it. Is confident that he can wash a pan-ful of dirt quicker, and get more gold out of it than any other man in the mines. Claims to be the original inventor of the long tom, and knew that a sluice was first-rate for washing gold long before it was introduced. Looks upon sleeping in a tent as an enervating luxury. Give *him* a blanket and a stone.

Another kind of digger, is the digger Indian. He is clumsy; has black, matted hair; is coarse featured; wears any thing or nothing—that is to say, wears whatever clothes he gets and all that he possesses. If he has been fortunate, he may be met attired in several shirts, coats and pantaloons, one over the other. If he has not been fortunate, he wears, perhaps, nothing but a single pair of stockings. Of soap he has no knowledge—water touches his skin only when he goes into it for fish. He eats acorns, and grasshoppers crushed together, when fresh, into a pasty mass, or sun-dried for winter use. He gets up dances, at which he appears not in full dress, but strictly and always in full undress, while his wives and his daughters appear in the usual variety of costume. He gambles deeply, at a game known by our children as "which hand will you have?" He eats no pork, but rejoices with his whole tribe at the stranding of a whale. He takes a wife, or a family of wives, by exchange of gifts, giving a jug and taking in exchange a net. His body, when he dies, is burnt, and it is a point of honor with his relatives to stand in a ring as near as possible to the burning pile until it is consumed; his bereaved wife puts on a widow's cap of pitch, which she wears on her head for several months, according to the digger Indian way of going into black.

Another of the noticeable characters is the Chinaman. Wherever there is money to be earned, John Chinaman is earning it. He is butcher in Dupont street, a merchant at Sacramento, a fisherman and fish-drier on Rincon Point, a washerman at the Lagoon;—

and his idea of what will do for a flat-iron there amazes the Anglo-Saxons. His enemies insinuate that linen has a tendency to return as cotton from his hands. In everything, as in washing, his notions of work are Asiatic. If Chinamen have anything to lift, they first ascertain whether one man can lift it; and, if he can, they send four to perform the duty. All their work is done on the same scale. For ease in carrying heavy burdens, the Chinaman depends on the balancing of weights at each end of a pole carried on his shoulder. If he has a bundle weighing fifty pounds to hang on one end of his pole, he will hang fifty pounds of anything as ballast on the other. John Chinaman, in figure and costume, much differs from western notions of the graceful or the beautiful. Little Californian boys shoot at him arrows barbed with pins; men passing him on the pavement jostle him; dogs snap at his heels. He is disliked, except by his countrymen; but they back him with energy. Is he before the recorder, and wants an alibi? Twenty John Chinamen will prove that he was in twenty other places, at the time in question. John Chinaman has his own way of shopping. He enters a store and gazes for a long time silently and stolidly at the object of his desire. The store-keeper at last retires in dudgeon. John attempts then the expression of his mind in English, ascertains the price asked for the article, and bids about one-tenth of it. His offer is refused, and he departs; he never offers more at the first visit. After a few days he returns to renew his offer, and if it be refused, to buy on the store-keeper's terms. The Chinaman is successful as a miner, but he dislikes digging; for rocking and tom-washing he displays genius. He lives sparingly, unless poultry be put in his way; for he has a wonderful greed for chickens. In '49, the Chinese were eminent in San Francisco as keepers of the cheapest and best frequented eating houses. They were the only men who had on hand an unlimited supply of potatoes—then a Californian luxury. These trades have now declined. The founder of the best of them has removed, and is said to be a thriving eating-house keeper in the Sandwich Islands.

The genius of a poor Frenchman first struck out a line of business as bootblack, and the French bootblack soon became a stock Californian character. A file of bootblacks now does duty in front of the California Exchange, and the man with dirty boots who passes them and is no customer must run the gauntlet. The first bootblack provided for his customer a wooden stool. Competition led to the introduction of a chair with a back to it. Capital then entered the field with arm-chairs and cushions, and to the arm chairs and cushions newspapers were added. There, invention was exhausted until somebody hit upon the idea of blacking boots in-doors. Californian boots are not all to be blacked with ease. A respectable city boot blacking establishment that had suffered much grievous wrong at the feet of possessors of greased or wet boots, posts in front of the customer's seat—close to his eyes—this placard:—

Boots blacked, (not wet or greased),	25 cents.
Boots blacked, (all over, legs, etc.,)	50 cents.
Boots blacked, (when wet or greased),	50 cents.

Persons considering these rates too high are recommended to visit the Plaza, where expenses are not so heavy.

The Californians have a decided taste for sugar candy. One of the most imposing and imperturbable of public characters at San Francisco, who with a rough bass voice pursues the even tenor of his way, is the "Big Lump Candy Man." Grateful to all men is the sound of his—"Here you are!—Big lumps and str-r-rongly flavored. Ever-r-ybody buys them! Sam Br-r-annan buys them! Kate Hayes buys them." There have arisen lately, base men, copying his cry, and intercepting some part of his custom; so that he is bound now to cry his big lumps as "the old, or-r-riginal," to assert himself occasionally, as the "man the papers tell about."

We have given very reduced copies of Mr. Whittlestick's sketches, and have omitted from the series two most important characters, the news-boy and the grizzly bear.

A statue of Wordsworth, executed in white marble, by Mr. Thrapp, has just been set up in Westminster Abbey. "It represents the author of the 'Excursion' sitting in the open air, in a contemplative mood, as if communing with Nature, under whose habitual sway he may be said to have lived. He is resting on a moss and ivy-mantled stone or knoll, with the green sward at his feet enamelled with flowers; the legs are

crossed; his right hand and arm are wound gracefully round one knee; the left hand, the fore-finger slightly uplifted, is laid upon an open book, which the poet has just been reading; the eyes are bent, in pensive admiration, upon the flowers at his feet; and the spectator may fancy him saying—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LIGHT READINGS IN ALISON.

LEST subsequent paragraphs should seem to be too exclusively informed by a spirit of captious "censure"—by a carping detraction, a nibbling disparagement, of Sir Archibald Alison's literary character,—be the present and opening one devoted to a sincere ascription of homage to whatever is laudable (and there is much that is highly so) in his historical writings. The more needful is this, because the subsequent paragraphs in question are, after all, concerned rather with superficial points, connected with such things as style and composition, than with the substance of his narrative. Honor due, then,—and the dues are considerable,—be forthwith and cordially paid to the learned baronet's industry, energy, enthusiasm, elevation of moral tone, and honest impartiality of purpose. Especial honor, that with such strong and staunch convictions of his own, he can and will, not only lend an attentive ear, but assign a prominent place, to the equally strong and utterly opposed convictions of others. He is himself deeply impressed with, and consistently prompt to impress on his countrymen the belief,

That for the functions of an ancient State—

Strong by her charters, free because unbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—

Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.*

Mr. de Quincey has remarked of Southey, as a writer of history,—and the remark may be applied in a measure to Alison,—that his very prejudices tended to unity of feeling,—being in harmony with each other, and growing out of a strong moral feeling, which is the one sole secret for giving interest to an historical narrative, fusing the incoherent details into one body, and carrying the reader fluently along the else monotonous recurrences and unmeaning details of military movements.† The Corn-laws and the Currency,—who has not dipped into and dozed over the learned baronet's lucubrations on those terrible topics? Which of us has not guiltily skipped by the score whole-page tables of statistics, laboriously compiled, and infallibly demonstrative of old England's moribund state? One is profanely reminded (*mutatis mutandis*), by the spectacle of Sir Archibald's mode of watching and predicting the free-trade *decadence de l'Angleterre*, of a stanza in a much-disputed *variorum* poem,—

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,

A pig with vast celerity;

* Wordsworth: Sonnets.

† De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches, vol. ii.

And the Devil looked wise, as he saw how the while

It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he with a smile,

"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

Not that the "smile" pertains to Sir Archibald, any more than does (*absit comparatio*!) the general character of the smiling Mephistopheles: Sir Archibald is too serious, and in fact too much of a croaker, to smile much in print at any time, especially when paper currency and protection are his theme. Smollett represents as the most hardy of all *Lieutenant Lismahago's* crotchets, his position "that commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of any nation where it flourishes to any extent;" that eccentric and gallant countryman of Sir Archibald strenuously asserting, "that the nature of commerce was such, that it could not be fixed or perpetual; but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue, till the channels should be left almost dry,"—while there was no instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation.* 'Tis consolatory, when one remembers the date of that gallant officer's prelections, to find that the old British channels are not yet left almost dry; and one cannot but hope that the Scotch baronet of the nineteenth century may be as far out (as to time if not fact) in his prophetic philosophy, as was the Scotch lieutenant of the eighteenth. Goldsmith's Chinese cosmopolite laughed, in his day, at our national propensity to gloomy forebodings, periodically revived, and exposed those professional croakers who, said he, make it their business, at convenient intervals, to denounce ruin both on their contemporaries and their posterity. "England," he adds, "seems to be the very region where spleen delights to dwell: a man not only can give an unbounded scope to the disorder in himself, but may, if he pleases, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of success. He has only to cry out, that the government, the government is all wrong, that their schemes are leading to ruin, that Britons are no more; every good member of the commonwealth thinks it his duty, in such a case, to deplore the universal decadence with sympathetic sorrow, and, by fancying the constitution in a decay, absolutely to impair its vigor.† Let us hope that since the time when good old *Lien Chi Altangi* sojourned in London, and consorted with Beau Tibbs and the Man in Black, *nous avons change tout*, or a good part of *cela*. Meanwhile, there may be expected political monitors of the George Grenville type, to whom Burke applied the lines

* Humphrey Clinker.

† Citizen of the World. Letter civil.

—Tritonida conspicit areem

Ingeniis, opibusque, et festa pace virentem ;
Vixque tenet lacrymas quia nil lacrymabile
cernit ;

and of whom a recent essayist has said, that while every sea was covered with our ships, and our language heard on every shore, *he* was in dismay at the decline of British shipping, and the want of British enterprise ; that while great manufacturing cities were starting up on barren heaths, and all parts of England and Scotland were resounding with the busy hum of industry, *he*, George Grenville, was sighing over the loss of our manufactures, and the increase of imports over exports : "our conquests," he said, "were fallacious ; our exports were principally consumed by our own fleets and armies ; our carrying trade was entirely engrossed by the neutral nations ; the number of our ships was diminishing ; our revenues were decreasing ; our husbandry was standing still for want of hands ; on all sides it became quite evident that our glory was departing." Surely Mr. Grenville would have been too happy to make Alison a Secretary of State, and his own right-hand man, had they but been condoling contemporaries. He would have made the most of Alison's eloquent warnings as to the mournful parallels that obtain between the culmination and decay of individual life and of national life, of the man and of the state. Let us rather hope with Edmund Burke, that there may be fallacy in the speculative assumption that necessarily, and by the constitution of things, all states have the same periods of infancy, manhood and decrepitude that are found in the individuals who compose them. "Parallels of this sort," said Burke, "rather furnish similitudes to illustrate or to adorn, than supply analogies from whence to reason. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy are not found in the same classes of existence. . . . Commonwealths are not physical but moral essences." And though it is right that nations, as well as individual men, should not be high-minded but fear, and while thinking they stand to take heed lest they fall, and while rejoicing in prosperity to rejoice with trembling,—we will trust, from current evidences of national spirit, principle, and honor, *pace* Sir Archibald Alison and his tabular testimonies *per contra*, that old England is not yet going, gone, to the dogs ; but retains stamina enough to survive, and by surviving to refute, his elegiac statistics.

Passing from characteristic matter to characteristic manner, we must own that we have met with admirers of Alison's style. They even avowed themselves fascinated thereby to go on with him to the *Finis* of vol. xx. Good souls, we envied their unbilious temperament. Dr. Arnold insists on the impression produced

by an historian's style as a thing by no means to be despised, in deciding upon his historical merits. If the style, says Arnold, is heavy and cumbrous, it indicates either a dull man, or a pompous man, or at least a slow and awkward man ; if it be tawdry and full of commonplaces enunciated with great solemnity, the writer is most likely a silly man.* That the "Historian of Europe"—a title imposingly pompous—is something pompous, is by some affirmed, and by many assumed. That he is a dull man, only faction or prejudice will aver except with saving clauses, or in a perversion of the term dulness from its popular usage. That he is a silly man is *à fortiori* an untenable proposition—a *pons asinorum* it would prove to the silly-billies who might attempt to demonstrate it. Nevertheless, though questionably pompous, only occasionally dull, and in no allowable sense silly, our historian's style is often "heavy," not very rarely "cumbrous," and in countless instances is "tawdry and full of commonplaces enunciated with great solemnity." So tawdry, that the tasteless are enraptured. So commonplace that the commonalty are charmed. So solemn that the stolid are awed and overpowered.

Gibbon has recorded in a passage immortal as his History, the time and place of his "inspired" resolve to narrate the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Sir Archibald Alison has indited a similar passage on his own account, and wrought it up into the body of his narrative ; similar at least in scope, not in form or substance ; for Alison is no Gibbon, and never less so than when imitating him—just as his being no Macaulay is never more decisively shown, than when he essays a *tableau*† which might resemble what it copies, were not Macaulay's brush, colors, outline, filling-up, relief, and general keeping, all found wanting. The place was Paris, and the time was May, 1814, when the "Historian of Europe" was moved to undertake his imposing enterprise. "Among the countless multitude whom the extraordinary events of the period had drawn together from every part of Europe to the French capital, and the brilliancy of this spectacle had concentrated in one spot, was one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events ; and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm, which, sustaining

* Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, viii.

† For instance, Sir Archibald's "set scene" of the Trial of Queen Caroline, meant as a companion-picture to that of Warren Hastings by Macaulay. The execution is as curious an infelicity as the design.

him through fifteen subsequent years of travelling and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length released itself in the present history." This it is, then, that comes of inhaling ardent spirits; even thus does ardent spirit release itself. Britons born will guess at, and do justice to, the historian's meaning; but ought we not to tremble in opening a translation, lest that meaning in this passage be lamentably perverted, and the historian accredited, on his own showing, with a thirty years' recourse to stimulants, to sustain him under the fatigues of travel, study, and composition? As they *festinant lente*, putting a stout heart to the stey brae of his twenty volumes, those readers of Alison, who retain aught of loyalty to the Queen's English, are vexed, or amused (according to their temperament), by such ever-recurring phrases as—"the whole combatants of the Grand Army,"—"the whole Cossacks of the Don,"—"the whole cattle, horses, and carriages in their possession,"—"the whole youth of the kingdom were summoned,"—"the whole dependants of the pontifical court,"—"Metternich ostensibly revealed his whole confidential communications to M. Otto,"—"Wellington had anxiously enjoined the whole Spanish generals,"—"intercept the whole communications of the enemy,"—"relinquish the whole ammunition wagons of the army,"—"King Joseph and his whole civil functionaries,"—"the whole British columns were in motion,"—"Napoleon scrupled not to seize the whole fortresses and royal family of Spain,"—"the fatigue undergone by his whole attendants," etc. The Scotch confusion of *will* and *shall*, too, is kept up with national persistency: * Napoleon "frequently said that he would die of cancer in the stomach before he was fifty" (wilful man!):—he is made to say to the refractory Chambers (1813), "If all would now do their duty, I would be invincible in face of the enemy,"—and again, "If I had not possessed that ardent temperament of mind, I would never have raised myself to the first throne in the world." "A majority!" exclaims Charles X., "I should be sorry to gain

it; I would not know what to do with it." Quoth Metternich in 1830, "I would be less alarmed if Polignac were more so." Pointing out the causes of our reverses in the American war of 1814, the historian adds, "And we will have ourselves to blame if they are again incurred." Lindley Murray's warning of the poor foreigner who transposed his wills and shalls—who *would* be drowned, and nobody *should* help him—has been lost upon Sir Archibald Alison.

Then again one is forever lighting on some curiosity of style, in the shape of metaphor, similitude, ellipse, antithesis, etc. Napoleon, we are told, in awful capitals, was the "INCARNATION OF THE LAST STAGE OF THE REVOLUTION:" a *mot* more adventurous than distinct, of the Robert Montgomery order. Napoleon was surrounded by vices, "on the impulse of which he was elevated to greatness;" a somewhat novel adaptation of an "impulse." "A charge of French horsemen at Marengo placed Napoleon on the consular throne; another of the English light dragoons on the flank of the Old Guard, hurled him to the rock of St. Helena." To the French Revolutionists the "simple path of duty" is said to have been "insupportable." The Allied Sovereigns, when first they caught sight of Paris in 1814, "inhaled, during several minutes, the entrancing spectacle." In the American war of 1812, the striking of one of our frigates to a Yankee is thus elaborately expressed: "And the English colors were mournfully lowered to the broad pendant of their emancipated offspring,"—and a little further on the Chippewa action (1814) is called, "this unparalleled struggle [of England] with her worthy offspring." During the war with France, "a great proportion of the people had grown into existence," "and inhaled with their earliest breath an ardent desire for its success." Of the military intrigues in favor of Napoleon while at Elba,—"The inferior officers and soldiers of the army were in an especial manner the seat of this conspiracy." So great was the joy in England after the battle of Waterloo, that not only "exultation beamed in every eye," but, "spontaneous illuminations were seen in every city:"—marry, a parlous sight! The italicising of the word ghost in the following sentence is Sir Archibald's own—"It did not establish 'a throne surrounded by republican institutions,' but a republic surround by the *ghost* of monarchical institutions." No occasion for italics, one might think, to draw attention to so striking a figure. One ghost surrounding a republic!—the idea is supernatural of course and there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy: yet who can wonder if the phrase has been styled "showman's English," in reference to the showman's formula, "There you see Lord

* Among other cherished Scotchisms may be remembered Sir Archibald's use of the verb "to require." *E. g.*, in one short paragraph occur two cases in point. Napoleon's Swiss porter, we are told, was expected to be always at his post: "night and day he required to be at the door of the cabinet:"—while of the Emperor it is said, "so vast was the variety of information which required to be taken into account in the formation of his designs."—*Hist. of Europe*, ch. 78, § 47. The second instance indeed may be thought in effect, if not by right, a now naturalized Anglicism; but the first is a pure specimen of its kind. Again: "the sword required to be thrown in to restore the balance" (79, 62):—"the British naval force on the [North American] Lakes required to bring every gun from Great Britain" (91, 63).

Nelson a-dying, surrounded by Captain Hardy." Verily it needed a ghost come from the grave to do that.

Alison's quotations from foreign tongues, dead and living, are more profuse than correct. "Vive la Roi," is of course a misprint; but "*Aidez-toi et le ciel t'aidera*," looks like a grace beyond the printer's art, especially when repeated. It's a pity, too, when a line from Virgil or Horace won't scan, or a sonorous phrase from Tacitus won't parse. Nor is it quite *comme il faut* in a great historian to confound Caligula with Commodus, little as there may be to choose between those *Arcades ambo*; or, in a French scholar and critical chronicler, to interpret M. de Serres's celebrated *Jamais* (in the amnesty debate of 1819) by *Never!*—"the regicides, *never!*"*—which, by the context, is just what De Serres did not, as it is what *jamais* need not mean.

Nor does the learned baronet seem to gain in accuracy of style with years and experience. In his latest volume (iii.) we have superabundant specimens of his old manner, e. g. "These [Asiatic] names will convey but little ideas to a European reader;" "Along the parapet is also placed, at certain distances, square, loop-holed block-houses;" "The whole palisades and outer walls were conquered by the Russians;" "The innate jealousy of the Russians at the English in the East;" "He (Wittgenstein, 1829) was allowed to retire accordingly, a step rested on his age and infirmities; and he received for his successor Count Diebitch, the chief of his staff," who, it is added, "expressed himself in flattering terms to his respectable predecessor;" "The divergence of his opinions with those of his colleagues [speaking of La Bourdonnaye, 1829];" "It is impossible to qualify in too strong terms the conduct of Opposition in recent circumstances," is made to say M. de Chantelauze, in 1830; "The military histories of France . . . is a striking proof how strongly . . . the public mind had been turned to warlike achievements [p. 633];" "the vehement gesticulation of the French school of acting, arises partly "from the experienced necessity of supplying, by the intensity of the representation, for the measured language and stately voice of the poet."

But perhaps, on the whole, there is less verbosity in our historian's more recent labors,

* "In the irrevocable category should be placed the family of Buonaparte and the regicide voters. The rest are only exiled for a time. To conclude in one word—the regicides, *never!*" So M. de Serres is made to declaim; and, persistent in his negation of the force of *jamais*, Sir Archibald afterwards remarks, "The expression used by M. de Serres, *jamais* (never), made an immense sensation." But granting that the meaning of *jamais* must be "never," what then becomes of the meaning of the context?

—less of the tumid, turgid wordiness at which Mr. Disraeli sometime sneered, when he told us how "Mr. Rigby impressed on Coningsby . . . to make himself master of Mr. WORDY'S 'History of the late War,' in twenty volumes, a capital work, which proved that Providence was on the side of the Tories." Mr. Disraeli has enjoyed the sweets of office, and has made Mr. Wordy honorary amends, by a baronetcy to wit, since that little pleasantry was indited.

It is edifying to note Sir Archibald's historical parallels, as stated in a grand climactic sort of way. He has a set of historical uniques, ancient and modern; severely adjusted correlatives, each to each, and admitting of no other comparison than the one exclusively assigned by his uncompromizing rhetoric. No words, he assures us, for instance, can convey an idea of the transports of joy which pervaded entire Greece, when the news of the battle of Navarino was received: "Never since the defeat of Hasdrubal by the consul Nero, on the banks of the Metaurus, had such a sensation pervaded the heart of a nation." One might suppose that during the revolutions and agitations of two hemispheres, between the triumphs of consul Nero and of Sir Edward Codrington, a national sensation of the kind had, at some time or other (for the time is long), and in some country or another (for the space is large), been experienced. But no; the historian's *never* is inexorable, and nothing but Metaurus can answer to Navarino, nothing but Navarino to Metaurus.

Occasionally, indeed, when the Alisonian method of rounding a period admits of or requires it, a wider latitude is conceded; as, where it is said of the massacre in the island of Chios (1822), that "modern Europe had never witnessed such an instance of bloodshed or horror. To find a parallel to it, we must go back to the storming of Syracuse or Carthage by the Romans, or the sack of Bagdad or Aleppo by the arms of Timour." Of Navarino again, we learn, that "never, save by the taking of Jerusalem, in 1199, by the crusading warriors under Godfrey, of Bouillon, had so unanimous a feeling of exultation pervaded the Christian world."

The abandonment by the Czar Nicholas of the siege of Silistria, in 1828, and his perilous voyage to Odessa, "furnished to the journalists of Europe ample ground for comparison with the flight of Xerxes across the Hellespont, after the defeat of Salamis, 2,000 years before." The *mots* of Charles X., it appears, became historical, so "extraordinary" was that prince's "turn for felicitous colloquy." "Repeated from one end of Europe to the other, they rivalled the most celebrated of Henry IV. in warmth of heart, and the most felicitous of Louis XIV. in terseness of ex-

pression." Ah, that Sir Archibald would but cultivate the gift he thus makes characteristic of the Grand Monarque!

Speaking of Napoleon, again, "It is easy to see, from his expressions and style of expression, that if he had not equalled Alexander in the lustre of his conquests, he was qualified to have rivalled Homer in the brilliancy of his conceptions." The "sufferings and privations" caused by Strikes, "often come to equal anything recorded in the darkest days of history,—the siege of Jerusalem, or the blockade of Haarlem." So ruthless was revolutionary fury in Eastern Spain, in 1821, that "the annals of the Roman proscriptions, of Athenian cruelty, of French atrocity, may be searched in vain for a similar instance of general, deliberate, and deeply-devised popular vengeance." The "Russian army exhibits a combination of physical strength and intellectual power . . . which no other country in modern times can exhibit; and to find a parallel to which, we must go back to the Roman legions in the days of Trajan or Severus." Had the Russian insurgents in 1826 gained their purpose, "even the Reign of Terror in France would have been but a shadow of what must have ensued; the proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, the slaughter of Nero, the centralized, unmitigated despotism of the Lower Empire, could alone have been looked for." The "alarming crisis of 1797," threatening a national bankruptcy, "was surmounted with ease, by the simple device of declaring the Bank of England notes, like the treasury bonds in the second Punic war, a legal tender," which Roman policy "more even than the slaughter on the Metaurus, the triumph of Zama, determined the fate of the ancient world." "The journey of Ferdinand (VII.) from Valencia to Madrid (1814) was the exact counterpart of that of Charles II. from Dover to London, 153 years before;" and so with Queen Caroline's reception from Dover to London,—"nothing like it had been witnessed since the restoration of Charles II."

When a parallel does not occur to the historian's mind, he has recourse to some such trite formula as "It is impossible to describe," "words would fail to depict," etc. Thus: "No words can convey an idea of the impression which the death of the Duke de Berri produced in France." "No words can convey an idea of the transports into which the Royalists were thrown by the auspicious event" of the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux. "No words can convey an adequate idea of the general transports which prevailed through the British Islands at the withdrawal of the bill" of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline (1820). "No words can adequately describe the universal enthusiasm which her arrival excited among the great bulk of the

people." "No words can convey an idea of the extent to which the system of pillage" extends in Russia. When Ferdinand VII. declared in favor of freedom in 1814, "no words can describe the universal transport with which this decree was received."

A masterstroke of Alisonian criticism seems to be a certain formula, of which the following are slightly varied expressions:—"Inferior to Napoleon in genius, and greatly so in vigor and condensation of expression, General Jomini is much his superior in impartiality and solidity of judgment." "Unequal to Jomini in military science or political thought, General Mathieu Dumas is greatly his superior in picturesque power and graphic effect." Mr. Huskisson "had neither the persevering energy of Mr. Pitt nor the ardent soul of Mr. Fox, nor the playful eloquence of Mr. Canning; but in thorough mastery of one great branch of government he was superior to them all." M. Guizot, though "less terse in his style than Montesquieu, less discursive than Robertson, is more just and philosophic than either." Joanna Baillie—"less stately and pompous than Corneille, less vehement and impassioned than Schiller, her dramas bear a certain affinity to both." Dr. Thomas Brown "had all the acuteness and analytical turn of Hume or Hutchinson, and all the ardor and tenderness of Goethe and Schiller;" "inferior in learning to Stewart, Brown was more original," etc. Francis Horner—"less eloquent and discursive than Brougham, less aerial and elegant than Jeffrey, he was a much deeper thinker than either." "Less distinguished in public life" than Warren Hastings, "his antagonist, Sir Phillip Francis, has left a reputation hardly less enduring." Canning—"less philosophical than Burke, less instructive than Pitt, less impassioned than Fox, was more attractive than any of them." If M. de Villèle "did not carry away his audience by noble sentiments and eloquent language, like Chateaubriand; nor charm them by felicitous imagery and brilliant ideas, like Canning; he succeeded in the end in not less forcibly commanding their attention, and often more durably directed their determinations." Mr. Grattan "was not so luminous in his exposition of facts as Pitt, nor so vehement in his declamation as Fox; but in burning thoughts, generous feelings, and glowing language, he was sometimes superior to either." The Grand Duke Constantine "rivalled Richard Cœur-de-Lion in his valor in the field, but he surpassed him also in the vehemence with which he ruled the cabinet, and in acts of tyranny," etc. The Czar Nicholas, "is neither led away by the thirst for sudden mechanical improvement, like Peter, nor the praises of philosophers, like Catherine, nor the visions of inexperienced philanthropy, like Alexander. . . Like

Wellington, Cæsar, and many other of the greatest men recorded in history, his expression has become more intellectual as he advanced in years. . . He is an Alexander the Great in resolution, but not in magnanimity."

Observe, again, Sir Archibald's eagle eye for "extraordinary coincidences." If any man can get up a case of the kind, it is he. Carefully he records the fact, that, "by a singular coincidence," the last action in the continental war of 1814, took place on "the Hill of Mars, where, fifteen hundred years before, St. Dennis suffered martyrdom, who first introduced Christianity into Northern Gaul." On the 31st of December, 406, says Gibbon, the Vandal army crossed the probably frozen Rhine, and the barriers between the savage and civilized nations of the earth were levelled to the ground:—"On that day, fourteen hundred and seven years," says Alison, by an "extraordinary coincidence," the allied armies "at the same place crossed the same river." "It is a very curious coincidence that the battle of Waterloo was fought just four hundred years after that of Azincour; the former took place on the 18th of June, 1815; the latter on October 25th, 1415." It is a very extraordinary ditto, that Wellington's English soldiers, at Vittoria, fought on the same ground as their fathers had done five hundred years before, to establish Peter the Cruel on the throne of Spain. Were the coincidences and parallels thus suggested, duly brought together, they would form a notable pendant to Plutarch's craze in the same line—for the fine old Boeotian dearly loved to collect coincidences and parallels, and dwell, *e. g.*, on the great fact that "there were two eminent persons of the name of Attis, the one a Syrian, the other an Arcadian, who both were killed by a boar; and "two Actæons, both torn to pieces, one by his lovers, the other by his dogs; and two Scipios, of whom the one conquered Carthage, the other destroyed it;" and three captures of Troy, in all of which horse flesh was more or less concerned—the first capture being by Hercules, "on account

of Laomedon's horses; the second by Agamemnon, by means of the wooden horse; the third by Charidemus, a horse happening to stand in the way, and hindering the Trojans from shutting the gates so quickly as they should have done." Let it be accounted venial in Alison *cum Plutarcho errare*; for so to err is human, though so to forgive may not be divine.

Once more. Every one must admire the historian's careful insertion of such restrictive clauses as the following, in his judgment of celebrated men. "Yet, with all these great and lofty qualities, Chateaubriand was far from being a perfect character." The Emperor Nicholas is "exemplary in all the relations of private life, a faithful husband, an affectionate father. . . Yet he is not a perfect character." Nor is it easy to do justice to the dignified gravity with which he enunciates some such profound proposition as, that "the march of revolution is not always on flowers," and that "the *Vox Populi* is not always, at the moment, the *Vox Dei*."

And so we might go on for some time to come; but then, *que voulezvous?* Sir Archibald can show cause for smiling disdainfully at snappish strictures once in a way, when he can point to the number of his editions, which approach the teens, and to the hosts of his readers, whose tale who can tell? He can afford to be indulgent, or indifferent, to here-and-there a yelping cur; "let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to,"—(as saith, in not quite divine diction, the divine song of Dr. Watts); and naturally he will impute to an ill-conditioned incompetency any disposition to overhaul his weak points, and will set down the culprit as some straggler in the rear-guard of those criticasters, mere dyspeptic detractors, who

Veulent voir des défauts à tout ce qu'on écrit,
Et pensent que louer n'est pas d'un bel esprit

If our peroration be too pert, be our poem accepted in mitigation of damages.

Officers who have arrived from Constantinople speak in the highest terms of Miss Nightingale and her nurses. The day before they sailed from Scutari, about six hundred of the British troops, who had been wounded at Inkermann, arrived at the hospital. Their wounds and bodies were washed by these ladies, clean linen supplied to them, and everything which the most tender care could suggest was at hand in abundance. One stalwart Guardsman, who had received three severe wounds, appeared deeply affected when he found himself the object of so much solicitude.

"Ah!" said he, "now I see there are people in England who care for us poor soldiers."—*Daily News*.

Prince Albert has ordered a number of seal-skin coats, lined throughout with fur, to be made, one of which he intends to present to each of the officers and privates of his own regiment of Grenadier Guards, doing duty in the Crimea.

Part of an article from Fraser's Magazine.

KEES AND KLAAS.

* * * REIGNS supreme among Dutch humorists, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Beets, of Utrecht. Dr. Beets possesses the rare union of the talents of the poet with those of the prose writer, besides the gifts of the eloquent expounder of the Gospel. His earlier lyric poems, among which there are beautiful translations from Byron, had scarcely obtained their popularity when the Dutch public was electrified by a volume in prose, *The Camera Obscura*, by Hildebrand, who was soon discovered to be the favorite poet of the day.

The *Camera Obscura* is a collection of sketches and tales, all from daily life, so full of deep feeling, wit, and vivid descriptions, so pleasingly conceived, so charmingly written, that it is impossible to take up the volume without being delighted with every page one reads. Four successive editions prove the popularity it has attained. We venture to assert that of all the prose writers there is none adapted to give so favorable an idea of Dutch popular literature as Dr. Beets; whilst his last volume of poems, *Corn-flowers*, is, we believe, unsurpassed in elegance and feeling by anything in the whole range of Dutch literature. We should be delighted to give some extracts from them: one touching little piece, *Remembrance*, on the Grave of a Child, would be enough in itself to insure the author's reputation; but we should fear spoiling it by translation, and are thus confined to one extract from his *Camera Obscura*, and feel certain our readers will find it rather too short than too long.

We must begin by stating that Hildebrand is a passing guest at his uncle's house, that he is taking a turn in the garden one morning after breakfast, when he meets an old man, an inhabitant of the Asylum for the Destitute, who turns an honest penny in his seventieth year by cleaning boots and shoes, running messages, carrying the newspaper, and the like. Hildebrand seeing that the old gentleman is horribly put out by something or other, addresses him kindly, and—

The expression of his countenance denoted clearly, "I will make a confidant of you;" but his lips merely uttered the words, "Do you know little Klaas?"

I replied that I had not the honor of his acquaintance.

"Has old Peter never shown him to you?—the whole town knows little Klaas. He picks up cents enough, I'm sure," said Kees.

"I have never seen the man," was my reply.

"He is not a man," said Kees, "nothing like it: he is a dwarf, sir, a real dwarf, as sure as I stand here. You might show him at a fair. But he is a vicious little devil; I know him."

I should have desired a little more method in the old man's tale.

"He lives in the Asylum," resumed Kees, after a short pause; and runs about the streets like a crazy person. He makes a deal of money by his hump. When the children come from school, they club their coppers, and let little Klaas dance. Then he jumps round his stick like a monkey, and makes his hump look as big again as it really is. I've not got a hump, sir," added he, with a sigh.

It was clear that Kees was rather jealous of the coppers than of the hump itself.

"I do wish," he went on, brushing the coat much too hard for cloth that had cost fifteen shillings a yard; "I do wish I was humpbacked! I should have nothing to do; I should get plenty of money, and people would laugh at me, . . . but I wouldn't drink," continued he in a different tone, taking the coat very quietly from the horse, and folding it up very neatly; "I wouldn't drink."

"Kees," said I, "when you came into the garden, and I spoke to you, it was because you seemed afflicted, and I would rather see you so than out of temper as you now appear to be."

The tears came into his old eyes again, and he thrust out his shrivelled hands towards me. I took them as he was about to draw them back, ashamed of his boldness, and gave them an encouraging squeeze before I released them.

"Oh, sir," said he, "I hardly know how to express it, but I was really rather sad than angry. Little Klaas has ill-treated me. Little Klaas is a wicked fellow. People sometimes fancy," said he, stooping for the blacking brush, "that he is crazy; but he is not; he is only vicious."

"Come, Kees," said I, putting up the flap of an iron garden-table; "sit down here, and just tell me plainly what little Klaas has done to you."

"It is of no use," said Kees; "but I don't mind telling you, sir, if you'll keep it to yourself. Do you know the house?"

"What house?"

"The Asylum."

"I have seen it outside."

"Well. It is an ugly place, isn't it? An ugly place, with red doors and windows; and inside everything painted red and dark. Now you know, sir, that we are all poor people in that house; all as poor as—why, as poor as in the churchyard. Myself and a few others manage to earn a trifle; but it is of no use. We have to give up all we can get to the Father,* and he gives us pocket-money every week. And that is all fair, sir—quite fair. When I grow old and am not able to earn a farthing, I shall have my pocket money all the same. This," said he, "and this," producing a colored pocket-handkerchief, and rapping the lid of his tobacco-box, "was all bought with my pocket-money."

"It was rather touching to hear a man sixty-nine years of age talking of the time 'when I grow old.'"

"Now, sir," said he, "as you can fancy, Klaas

* The appellation given to the manager or superintendent of all orphan and poor asylums in Holland.

gets his pocket-money, too. But what does Klaas do? Klaas does nothing but now and then weed the pavement. Klaas pretends to be crazy; Klaas dances about, and when he gets a few pence from the children or somebody else, Klaas just goes outside the town gate. Do you know the 'Greasy Napkin,' sir?"

"No, Kees."

"It is a public-house, sir, in the lane. Klaas goes there to take his drop, and sometimes he takes two—sometimes three drops."

"And when he gets home?"

"Oh dear! he is up to all sorts of tricks. He chews a quid of tobacco. He gets a bit of orange-peel from the druggist. But sometimes the Father finds him out. Then they tie a log of wood to his leg, for he is too old to be flogged; and besides, they wouldn't beat a hunchback. But what does he care for the log? Not a farthing: he calls the children and says, 'Look here, my boys,' says he, 'poor Klaas has been taking a drop of comfort, and the Father has been and taken away all poor Klaas's money! So, of course, he makes a good thing of it, sir.'"

I understood that perfectly.

"But that's his look out," continued Kees, taking up one of my uncle's shoes as if he were going to clean it, but putting it down again directly. "It's nothing to me, only why should he want to ruin me? You don't know why? I'll tell you, sir. I had some money—a great deal of money—I had twelve florins!"

"And where did you get them from, Kees?"

"Honestly, sir. I had saved them, sir, at the apothecary's when I was errand-boy there. Sometimes when I had to carry a bottle of physic out of town to some of the country seats in the neighborhood, the gentleman or lady would say, 'Give the boy a penny or two, it's such bad weather.' By degrees I scraped twelve florins together. It was against the rules of the house, but I hid them under my clothes; I wore them on my heart."

"And why? Did you really want the money, or was it only for your amusement?"

"O dear, no, sir!" said the old man, shaking his head; "If I may make so bold as to say so, rich gentlemen can't understand it—nor the gentlemen of the board neither—it's something they need not provide for. Such people are taken good care of, in life or death. And we, too, are very well off in the Asylum; the gentlemen are kind to us; in Carnival time we get here rolls and butter; in November, the Asylum gets a whole ox, from some great man or other who died ever so long ago—and then we all get hot fritters—and the gentlemen dine together and eat the tongue—we are all very well off, indeed, sir; but a man can't help thinking of his death, sir."

"Why, I see no reason to think you will not be provided for after your death, too, Kees," said I.

"I'm sure I hope so, sir. In heaven we are sure to be taken care of; but that's not just what I mean. If you please, sir, I want to better my corpse."

"What?"

"Well, sir, I'll explain. You see, sir, when we die they lay us on a truss of straw, and they

dress us in the linen of the house, just as if we were alive, and then we go to the churchyard—into the common grave, and that's just what I don't want to do. When I'm dead, I don't want to wear the linen of the Asylum any more."

He paused for a few moments, and the tears came into his eyes again.

"I want to lie in my own coffin. I hardly know what to say, but I mean in the same way as I saw my father lying in his—in my own clothes; I have never had a shirt of my own; I should like to wear my own winding-sheet."

I was touched. Don't talk to me of prejudices. The rich in this world have thousands of them. This poor man could bear everything—meagre fare, a hard couch, and, for his years, heavy toil. He had no home; he was to have no grave of his own; all he wanted was the certainty that his last garment should belong to himself.

"So you see, sir," continued he, with a little huskiness in his voice, "that was why I wanted to keep my twelve florins. It was a great deal too much. But I wanted more—I wanted to be buried genteelly. I don't know much about such matters, but I had calculated four florins for linen, and a couple of florins for the people to lay me out, and half a florin a piece for twelve men to carry me to the grave. Wouldn't that have been decent? The apothecary's apprentice had written it all down on paper for me; the money was carefully wrapped up and sewn in a leather bag, and I wore it these thirty years long on my heart, and now it's all gone!"

"Did Klaas steal it?" said I.

"No, no," answered Kees, rousing himself from the painful reflections into which his last words had plunged him; "but he found out that I had the money. His crib stands next my crib. I don't know whether he found it out whilst I was undressing or when I was dressing, or perhaps I talked of it in my sleep when I was ill,—I'm sure I don't know. I almost fancy I must have spoken of it in my sleep, for I know I was always thinking of it. Last Tuesday it rained all day long—that you know, sir. Well, Klaas had not picked up one cent. The weather was too bad; the boys would not stop out in the streets. But his pocket-money was spent and he had made up his mind to go to the 'Greasy Napkin.' 'Kees,' says he to me, after dinner, 'lend me six cents.' 'Klaas,' says I, 'you won't get them from me to spend on liquor.' 'Have 'em I will,' says he. 'Not from me,' says I. 'I'll just tell you what then,' says he; 'if you won't give me the money, I'll tell the Father what you've got under your waistcoat.' I turned as pale as a sheet, and gave him the six cents. 'But,' says I to him, 'Klaas, you're a rascal!' Perhaps he owed me a spite for that, I'm sure I don't know, but yesterday he was drunk again, and while the men were chaining the block to his leg, he screamed like a madman, and sang, 'Kees has money! Kees has money! Next his skin! Plenty of money! The people told me of it as soon as I came home. I went about like a ghost. At last we got up stairs to the men's ward, and undressed. Klaas was in bed and snoring like a bull. When all the rest were asleep, I stole my hand under the

clothes in order to hide the money. If I could, among the straw of my bolster. But before I got the bag off the Father came into the ward with a lantern. I fell back on my pillow and stared like a lunatic at the light. I felt every step the Father took on my own heart. 'Kees,' said he, bending over me, 'you've got some money. You know it's against the rules to hide money here,—and he snatched it out of my hand.

"It was only for my winding-sheet!" cried I, kneeling on my bed; but it was of no use. 'It shall be taken care of for you,' said the Father; and he opened the bag and counted the money very carefully. I had not seen it myself since it had been put in the bag—that was thirty years ago. It was my own precious money, all for my funeral. 'I swear I only want it to pay for my own decent burial,' cried I again. 'We'll look to that,' said the Father, and away he went with the lantern and with the money. 'Klaas told you,' cried I, 'because——' But what could it have helped me to say, because he is a drunken brute, or because he goes every day to the alehouse? I should not have got my money back again by it. I couldn't close an eye all night. I shall never get over it."

"Why don't you apply to the board, Kees?" said I, encouragingly.

"No, no," said he, fumbling with his hand on his chest as if he were feeling for the bag; "they couldn't leave me the money; that is a law as old as the house, and the house is as old as the world."

"That's going a little too far, Kees," said I, "and——" he did not let me conclude.

"Going too far! Not a bit, sir! Haven't there always been poor people like myself to be fed by the parish, and to be lodged by the parish, and to be buried by the parish? But I wanted to pay for my own funeral, and I wanted to be sure of being buried at my own expense; and that was my greatest consolation, and that's why I always carried it on my heart. Oh! if Klaas only knew that he was the death of me!"

"Come, come, Kees, you must and shall have your money back, I promise you. I'll talk to my uncle about it; he knows the gentlemen of the board—we'll see if the rule cannot be set aside for once, for the sake of an honest old fellow like yourself. Make up your mind to it, Kees, you shall have your money again."

"Shall I really get it back? Really, sir?" cried the poor old man, encouraged by my positive tone; and wiping his eyes he gave me his hand with a happy face, adding in his desire to say something kind, "Please, sir, are your boots cleaned to your liking?"

"Beautifully," said I.

"And is your coat always nicely brushed?" continued he; "because if not, only say so, pray do, sir."

I promised I would, and returned to the house. Before I got in, Kees came running after me

with one of Peter's boots on his left arm, and his shoe-brush in his right hand.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he; "may I request one favor more?"

"Oh yes, Kees."

"If you should see the gentlemen, sir, you need not say you know anything about the matter."

"I won't Kees, I promise you."

My uncle was easily persuaded to address the board on the subject. The chairman sent for the Father, and the Father was sent round to the other members of the board, to call a meeting.

"On that solemn occasion, Kees was first called into the room and then sent out again, and then the Father was summoned and then he was sent away again. Thereupon weighty deliberations ensued, that lasted one hour, during which time the chairman chiefly said that he left the decision with the members, and the members in their turn gave the assurance that they left the decision entirely to the chairman.

As it was impossible, however, to leave the matter in this state, the chairman at length made a motion that, on the one hand, it was advisable to restore the sum in question to Kees on account of his exemplary conduct, and as he was sure to preserve the money as safely as their own indefatigable honorary treasurer (on which the honorary treasurer bowed); but that, on the other hand, their worthy treasurer was sure to take just as much care of it as Kees himself, and that it was thus by no means necessary to confirm Kees in the erroneous opinion that his money would be safer preserved, and more certainly devoted to the purpose for which it was designed, if he, Kees, were allowed to administer it himself in future, instead of its being placed with the funds already in the hands of their worthy friend and treasurer aforesaid; and this was his, the chairman's decided opinion.

But the secretary of the board begged to observe, and with some appearance of being in the right, that this motion was not decisive enough, and requested to propose that one or other of the two opinions expressed should be resolved upon. On which the treasurer was magnanimous enough to cede his right to the administration of the sum in question, and it was unanimously resolved to return Kees his twelve florins safely put up in the leather bag.

Kees carried his money for two years after this time "next his heart;" and when I visited the burying ground at D—— last year, it was pleasant to know that a man slumbered there, in the common grave of the poor, who had been respectfully laid to rest by twelve friends of his own selection, and that it was in some degree owing to my own exertions that he had breathed his last in the consolatory idea of being interred in his own shroud.

He may, perhaps, even in his last moments, have had a kind thought for Hildebrand.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

"DOING OUR VESUVIUS."

"HAVE you done your Vesuvius?" is a question as common at Naples as "Have you been to the Opera?" in London. For some days after my arrival, *via Marseilles*, in an invalid's haste into warm weather, I could plead weakness as an excuse for not having achieved this inevitable feat; but in a surprisingly short time, sunny skies and salubrious air rendered the excuse inadmissible—the "sick list" became a palpable *sham*—so that at length our party was made for "next day," and for "next," again; "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," might have crept on to the "last syllable of our recorded time" at Naples; for Guiseppe, our *laquis de place*, ever placed an embargo on the expedition, by turning his weather-eye to Vesuvius, and assuring us that it was useless to ascend until he gave the signal, for that it was often "*cattivo tempo*" on the mountain, and that he knew it and its weather-signals well—"Nessun com' io signor."

We submitted for some days to this despotism, having the satisfaction of repeating daily, just about the hour when we might have been making meteorological experiments on the summit, "What a lovely day this would have been for Vesuvius!" At last, as commonly happens when the reins of authority are too tightly drawn, we burst through them all.—One morning, at about six o'clock, I opened my window, and seeing the bright sun and intensely blue sky of an Italian fine day, I girded myself for conflict, and when Guiseppe came with shaving-water, (I never gave in to the *moustache mania*, in which the English disfigure their honest, clean-shaven, Saxon faces, abroad) about half an hour afterwards, the following colloquy ensued:—

"Ecco, Guiseppe, buono giorno."

"Sì, signor! ma Vesuvio offuscata ancora."
(Vesuvius has still its nightcap on.)

"Niente—niente—sera tempo chiaro," I stoutly rejoined.

"Signor, non," returned Guiseppe the immovable.

"Andiamo," replied I.

"Signor, non, (da capo)."

I could not argue the matter much further—my Italian was wearing very thin—but I must have looked rebellion and decision, for at length, with one of those indescribable pantomimes in which these people throw head, shoulders, hands, body, all into one shrug, Guiseppe yielded, with "*Signor e maestro?*" meaning thereby, "You are an obstinate, bull-headed Inglesse! but—have it all your own way." So the carriage was ordered, and at about ten o'clock a party of four—my daughters, myself, and an agreeable military friend

—started for Resina, where you leave the once lava-ruined, and often lava-threatened town, built upon the grave of another buried deep, deep below, to explore the *tumulus* overhead, which will one day again spread a fresh winding sheet of scorie and ashes over both. The ascent of Vesuvius could not commence from a more appropriate point.

Although it would be ungrateful to our own good fortune in the whole expedition, to wish any one arrangement altered, yet, for the benefit of others, I record an advice, that, when "ladies are in the case," or, to speak truth, gentlemen "fat and scant o' breath," like myself, it is more advisable to take a carriage and three ("en milor" four!) by the new road to the Hermitage, rather than a carriage and pair to Resina, and thence ponies by the terraced short cut, striking direct upwards through the vine region of Vesuvius to the same point. The terrace ascent is more in character for a mountain adventure, but the carriage road infinitely more unromantically comfortable, for visitors can now whirl up to the Hermitage as to the door of a post-house on any public highway, instead of climbing over cinders and lava, as we did on the backs of diminutive ponies. Did I say diminutive ponies? I recal the disparaging word, for, of the sagacity, strength, and endurance of those extraordinary animals, I cannot speak too largely. They were all good; but of mine own—old, grizzly, and shaggy as he was—I must make mention in terms of special affectionate remembrance. Imagine a man (in jockey phrase "sixteen stun,") mounted in an antiquated capacious military saddle, peaked before and behind, upon an animal four and a half feet high, (I measured him with my walking-stick); further, conceive of this creature as walking away with one, up terraces of smooth stone, over wrinkles of indurated and contorted lava, among beds of rugged cinders, and round rocky corners, which I can but compare to the short turns from one flight of stairs to another—and all this done without "start," "stumble," or "mistake" of any kind. Once or twice, in pure shame at burdening such an animal in places of special ruggedness or difficulty, I dismounted and led him, for which act of mercy I got mercilessly laughed at by the guides, who all assured me that he would carry me in perfect safety;—and he did so. We were all equally well mounted. Nathless I abide by my opinion, that taking into account the severe labor of the ascent of the cone, it is better to leave your carriage at the Hermitage, and on your return roll rapidly down to Naples, rather than ride the best of all possible ponies five miles down hill in the darkness, after a day of fatigue.

The Hermit who in former days kept vigil

on the sterile skirt of Vesuvius, in the cell of "Il Salvatore," has long since retreated before the hordes of adventure-hunters who now throng the mountain. If the occupant of the Hermitage were a genuine Eremita, long before he quitted the field his pious soul must have been sore vexed by the continued and growing intrusions upon his "ancient solitary reign," as day after day tired and rollicking tourists, roaring for "*Lachryma Christi*"—guides squabbling for piastres—and last, and worst of all, beggars (poaching dogs!) rattling their chins* for gain, disturbed his contemplations;—all these interruptions must have left the poor man much the same kind of quiet as his pasteboard *conficere* of the cowl enjoys at Vauxhall: and when lady tourists began to find their way to the mountain, and came in mincing and touching tones to solicit leave to bare their pretty little feet, and to change their torn boots and stockings in the cell of the Solitary, we may imagine the horror of the venerable man as first finding utterance in an adaptation of St. Senan's cruel song:—

"Cui Eremita—femini
Commune quid cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullum illiam
Admittemus in casulam."

"Then quoth the Hermit, 'What have you
With me or my retreat to do?
You change no stocking in the cell
Where I in holy quiet dwell.'"

Still, as the "pressure from without" grew more intense, and the throng of tourists from below came more "fast and furious," we may further imagine the Solitary giving up the strife, and seeking a safer retreat for his asceticism in some distant Calabrian wilderness, leaving the Hermitage and its desecrated "*stazioni*" to fall to the present "vile uses" of a rude banquet-house and wine-shop, where the jolly or quasi-jolly host stands by his "bill" more stoutly than others by "their order," and will not bate a maravedi of his charge for wine growing worse and dearer every day. The "generous" and "cheering" qualities of the famed "*Lachryma Christi*" are now but matters of history. You get at the Hermitage a sweetish, perry-ish wine, very grateful after toil, but by no means of that overpowering

strength which, as they tell you, used to make "cheeks glow" and "the eye sparkle" after a single glass.*

At the Hermitage, those who are for the mountain leave those who are afraid to venture further; and here, under strict promise to poor distant mamma "not to allow the girls on any account to fatigue themselves," I issued a tyrannic mandate that they should get out drawing-books, and amuse themselves as they best might, while we took the upward road in all the superiority of masculine strength. Poor things! they uttered no demur, though their eyes spoke intelligibly disappointment and daring mixed. They asked, "just for information sake," a few leading questions as to the "chairs" which were lying about, which the "porteurs" were too happy to answer with true Italian volubility. Then they invited the signoras to "seat themselves," and prove "how easy they were," "how strong," "how light," "how safe," and so on. In this state of hint and hesitation—our military friend of course seconding the object of the ladies—up whirled a carriage with another party; and when I saw a young girl, certainly not stronger-looking than either of mine, preparing for the upward road, I could hold out no longer. "*Andiamo* was the word; in a few minutes we were off for the "*Atria di Cavallo*;" and even then the beaming delight of their countenances amply repaid me for yielding. Now that I know what the adventure is, I would pronounce that, except for an absolute invalid, it is what Mr. Stephenson declares a tunnel through the globe to be—"just a question of—expense!"—of the four piastres, or sixteen shillings each, extra cost in the expedition. Both the Hermitage, and a stately Royal Observatory a little higher up, stand on a spur or promontory of Vesuvius, and both, I should say, quite safe from the course of any eruption, except one which would upheave the whole mountain from its base. These buildings may be insulated within a fiery cordon by a junction of lava-torrents flowing round them, when the atmosphere

* Dr. Moore, in his "*Tour in Italy*," gives a verse in praise of this wine (vol. ii. p. 217), which he has translated so prosaically and imperfectly, that I am tempted to offer a version:

Chi fu ne contadini il plu indiscreto.
Che a sbigottir la gente
Diede nome dolente
Al' vin che sopra ogn'altro il enor fa lieto?
Lachryma dunque appellarsi un' riso
Parto di nobilissima vindemia.

What undiscerning clown was he
Who first applied that doleful name—
A bugbear to good company—
To wine which warms the heart like flame?
A smile were fitter word than tear
For what our generous grape gives here.—R.

* The pantomime of Neapolitan beggary is curious. They run by your carriage, holding up the forefinger, and calling at intervals, "*Mori di fame!*"—a plea which their laughing eye and round bronzed cheek shows to be a lie on the face of it. Then they strike their chins, making their jaws rattle like castanets, to show, I suppose, that their masticating organs are ready, though their meat be not so. The Neapolitan beggar cannot be repulsed effectually by any form of refusal except turning the back of your hand to him; when this is done, he goes away at once.

would be intolerable to any except the "Fire King;" but overwhelmed they can scarcely be, inasmuch as ravines at each side offer escape-courses for a substance which, however sluggishly, as its general law conforms to that of gravitation. The "Fossa Grande" is the hollow way in which the lava usually engulfs itself, and mingles with the older lavas lying in wild sterile confusion over a large tract at the bottom of the ravine, at about the middle band of the mountain. This tract, once cultivated, fertile, and populous, has now but a church-tower, or lava-girt villa or so, standing out in the desolation, like masts of a submerged vessel, to tell of the wreck below, and seems to be abandoned as the waste-ground for discharging the slag and fiery torrent of the volcano into it. None of the modern eruptions have sent their lava-streams below this region — some not even so far; the eruption of 1638, which consumed a former Resina, appears to have been the last which poured its destroying agency down on the sea-coast band of Vesuvius.

As you pass from the Observatory onwards over the "Atria di Cavallo" (a level, of which more presently) to the base of Vesuvius Proper, your course lies through and over great beds of lava, lying as they cooled, of different shades of brown, and resembling, in color and *seeming* consistence, the *peat* of an Irish bog, more than any substance I know. Of the eruptions of the present century, that of 1822 seems to have been most extensive: the varieties of shapes in which the impelling forces have left these cooling masses are grotesque and innumerable. The guides called our attention to one named "Il Mantello," which bore in its graceful folds no remote resemblance to the sculptured draperies of the bronze statues in the Museo Borbonico; further on lay two huge heaps of what might be taken for coils of rope, tarred and ready to unroll for rigging a ship; and again, a third lay lapped over in folds not unlike those of an antediluvian rhinoceros hide. All these fantastic shapes alike denoted their origin in the irresistible impulse given by the lava-stores of the mountain in action, as they pushed and drove before them the cooling mass of previously ejected matter, which as visibly expressed its reluctance to "move on" in the writhings and contortions everywhere marking its downward progress. A half hour's ride through this scene brought us to the foot of the cone, where the horses are left, and gentlemen surrender themselves to the guidance of *centaurs* or man-horses, as we termed them, while ladies arrange themselves in the "chaises à porteur," or shoulder chairs, in which they make the ascent. While all this is preparing, I take the opportunity to give a geological look around me, and having done so, to confess some mistaken ideas I had

hitherto retained through all my studies of volcanic action—mistakes, perhaps, inseparable from studying natural phenomena by *book* only—and yet I may possibly render a service to readers who have never seen the actual phenomena described, by being as unlearned as possible in my remarks, for it is, I fear, a common fault of scientific writers to "fire over their readers' heads!"—to forget in their own superior attainments the ignorance of others—and hence to write in a style so learnedly unintelligible as to convey no sense or meaning to those who, having to "begin at the beginning," need a very elementary treatise.

And first, of "error the first." I had always pictured to myself Vesuvius in eruption as something like a huge caldron full of ingredients, which, when fused by intense heat to a boiling point, at last rose and ran over the *edge* of the crater, and flowed down the conical sides in the form of lava—constantly adding to the size of the mountain by successive coats of the semi-fluid matter, deposited in layers, like the coats of an onion. This is not at all according to the facts—at least the ordinary facts—of volcanic action: the lava *never*, that I could learn (and I questioned our intelligent head guide, Signor Pasquole, of Resina, closely on this point), breaks over the top, but *ever* from some vent or weak point in the side of the cone, which is, as it were, burst out by the violent internal action. The present peak of Vesuvius, which is about 2,000 ft. high, is a regular cone all round, and does not contain *on its surface* a single particle of *flowed* lava; it seems all composed of dark-colored slags, or cinders, furrowed into a thousand small ravines by the action of rains or weather. This surface presents a curious contrast, something like those tragi-comic masques which smile at one side of the face and frown or cry at the other. Towards Naples and the sea, whence the prevailing winds blow, it is dark, frowning, and rugged; towards the Campagna and Capua, it presents one smooth regular sheet of that singular, granular light *matériel* called ashes, and which formed the winding-sheet in which Pompeii and its treasures lay buried and preserved for nigh eighteen hundred years. This Vesuvian ashes is a very peculiar substance: it is granular, and no amount of rain will make it into mud; of a dark-gray color naturally, when exposed to the air it becomes white as sea-sand; I know nothing that it resembles more than the gray earth used in foundries for making moulds for the castings; and this comparison, drawn from the smelting-house, suggests another, which, to such of my readers as may have seen the process of "running a casting, will (*parvis componere magna*) give a correct familiar idea of how the lava *does* flow from the mountain.

In a foundry, the great vessel of molten

metal has a small vent at the bottom usually closed by some fire-proof clay. This plug is broken by an iron instrument from without whenever a casting is required, and closed again with the same material after a sufficient supply of the molten stream has been run off. Now, let the reader suppose this process carried out on the immense scale where a hollow mountain is the vessel, and that the force which breaks through is furnished from the furnace fires within, while the whole operation is preceded by the throes, and thunders, and jets, and volleys from the top, which give signal that the volcano is "getting up its steam," which at last forces out some *flamed* part of the mountain and breaks through everything, and he may have some real idea of the forces with which a volcano works, and their direction. According to the guide, an eruption never takes place without a *tremblement de terre*, of more or less violence, and also a failure of water in the numberless wells with which the whole region of garden-ground between Naples and Vesuvius is dotted; it is reasonable to conclude that the water thus subducted from the wells of Naples is drawn in by some subterranean ducts to feed the huge boiler cavern, whose steam action in shaking the mountain tries its weak points, and ultimately bursts out one or more of them. When in the eruption of 1631, before referred to, seven distinct streams of lava discharged themselves from as many orifices upon the devoted region beneath, the sight would have been, for any one who dared to look (and forget Pliny,) one of awful magnificence.

A second misconception which I have to acknowledge, but which a single survey of the locality at once corrected, is the supposition that the *present* Vesuvius is the same mountain which 1,800 years since destroyed those doomed "cities of the plain," Herculaneum and Pompeii. This seems to me a fallacy which can scarce survive a personal inspection for one instant. Vesuvius, as it now stands, rises *within* the area of the old *used out* mountain, at one side of a great plain amphitheatre, the "Atria di Cavallo;" while Monte Somma, which rises and circles this plain on the north and north-east sides, is plainly the shell or crust of the original mountain, the great mass of which was *blown out* and precipitated on the country beneath to the west and south-west, in the first recorded convulsion of A. D. 79, after the premonitory earthquake of A. D. 63. Up to that time, the mountain would seem to have formed a green and graceful background to the cordon of luxurious cities which gemmed the margin of the beautiful bay beneath; and we may take its character from the contemporary epigram of Martial, of which (not having the fear of Mrs Addison or other *traditors* before my eyes) I

scratched a version while sitting among the cinders and ashes of Vesuvius as it now lies changed and ruined:—

Hic est Pampineis viridis modo Vesuvius umbria,
Presserat hic, madidos nobiles uva lacus
Hæc Juga, quam Nysæ colles plus Bacchus
amavit

Hoc nuper satyri monte, dedere choros,
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illæ,
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat
Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi mersa favilla,
Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

Mart. lib. i. 124.

Here! where Vesuvius, crowned with leafy vine,
From the pressed grape o'erflowed its vats with wine,

Where satyrs frolicked through these mountain-groves,—

Which, more than Nysa's hill, the Wine-god loves,

Which sweeter seat than Paphos Venus found,
And great Alcides' fame made classic ground,—
All wrapped in flame, and dark sad ashen shroud,

The gods bewail the ills themselves allowed.

R.

It is impossible, in my judgment, to look at Monte Somma, with its trap-dykes standing out from the surface of its scarped and wall-like sides, without at once adopting the conviction that it is but the remains of the funnel of that older volcano, which carried away the remainder of its furnace-shaft when it burst forth on the level country below; while the "Atria di Cavallo" may be likened to a flooring over a vault of fire and combustibles beneath, similar to that which actually reverberates to a heavy stamp in the Solfa-terra, at the opposite side of the bay. This idea, when once received, gives an astounding impression of the magnitude of the scale on which volcanic action may have formerly prevailed in this region. Nay, when on ascending the cone, the eye can take in the level country to the eastward as far as Capua and Caserta, the conception of volcanic agency expands itself still further, and suggests that the distant ranges of hills which bound the "Campagna felice" are but the old walls of extinct volcanoes, and that the "happy land" itself may be but the flooring over gulfs of billowing molten fire, or combustibles waiting the explosive agency at unknown depths beneath,—the conception is a tremendous one to grasp; but the analogies of volcanic action bring it within the scope of *prob*—no, of *possibility*.

Another fact, portentous to consider, is the sympathy said to exist between Vesuvius and the volcanic region twenty miles off, at the other side of the bay. Solfa-terra, already alluded to, a perfect unbroken crater, never

known to have *exploded*,* within the historic era, has yet a constant, subdued volcanic action going on, in jets and puffs of sulphuric and aluminous gases from the chinks and crevices of its floor and sides; but it has been observed, that the moment an eruption of Vesuvius commences, the Solfa-terra becomes *quiet* until it is ended, when it re-commences its own volcanic operations again. These tokens of subterranean correspondence suggest the idea that a day may come when Naples will find itself in the situation of exposure to two fires, and may wish that its tutelary Saint Januarius were a "Janus bifrons," that he might extinguish a fire before and behind by "*the mere view of his divine head!*" for so runs the legend commemorating his former interposition between the city and the flaming mountains.

But *à route!*—our "porteurs" are ready, our centaurs pawing the ashes impatiently. We fastened the ladies by shawls and cloaks into slight rush-bottomed arm-chairs, constructed, I believe intentionally, with loose joints, on the principle of a ship-lantern, so that the occupant may preserve a perpendicular at whatever angle of elevation the bearers carry the bearing-poles, to which they are attached by strong *grass* ropes. The whole equipage is very primitive, but, as we found it, sufficiently serviceable.

For us gentlemen the preparations were different, but equally simple. We each selected at will what we called centaurs, or man-horses, from a crowd of stout *contadini*. These went before, with a strong cotton band hung bridle-wise from the shoulder. You have nothing to do but to hold on by the band, pick your steps among the cinders, and allow your leader to do the up-hill work of hauling you after him.

My friend, Captain M——, accustomed

* If the Solfa-terra roared as loud as Bully Bottom boasted he could, and as other volcanic lions do, so as to put the auditors in "pity of their life," it would enforce more attention to its real wonders. I am wrong in saying there is no eruption on record, for a (not very clear) tradition affirms one to have taken place in the end of the twelfth century (1198); and I think it impossible any one can ever cross its area without feeling that an explosion may *any day* happen. You cannot *stamp on the ground* without being sensible that you are on the roof of an abyss, and when you arrive at the centre of the amphitheatre, and the guide, taking a mass of rock, flings it forcibly on the floor, the perceptible shaking of the ground, and the deep hollow sound with which the echoes roll away through the "vast profound" beneath, produce a curious sensation of insecurity. Proceeding a little further, you find jets of sulphuric and aluminous gases puffing from the ground with great activity; so that on the whole I think the visitor must depart with an impression of vast volcanic stores lying beneath him, only waiting the necessary chemical combinations to make a sensation "with a witness."

to the luxuries of Oriental travel, took two of these men to his share, passed the cotton coil round the small of his back, and allowed them to drag him up, with no exertion on his part but that of picking his steps. With an unwise idea of my own powers, I contented myself with one, and had reason to regret it: for once or twice, in the worst bits of the ascent, it seemed for a second or two a very doubtful point whether *my* centaur should pull me *up*, or I him *back* upon myself. For though I selected him as a powerful, athletic man, his weight was nothing to mine; and moreover, as I labored up, I had the mortification to see my friend pass me "in a canter," at about three parts of the ascent, with the cool and cutting taunt, "If gentlemen with a choice of cavalry *will underhorse* themselves, they must take the consequences. Good bye,—I'll tell them you are coming!"

Underhorsed, and hindmost as I was, we were all landed at the foot of the immediate cone in about forty minutes. An hour is usually allotted for this work, so, that after all, we did very well. We found the girls arrived a few minutes before us. Here the chairs and centaurs are usually dismissed, and we prepared for the further scramble. I insisted, however, that my youngest daughter, being in rather delicate health, should allow herself to be carried as far as the way was practicable. So she was—and beyond it.

I must observe, that the views from Vesuvius do not improve as you ascend; you have better and clearer prospects from the Hermitage and points below it than from any station higher up, and when you are at the crater itself, all interest centres in the mountain, and the phenomena of the eruptions immediately close to you.

After a short rest, we now advanced over comparatively smooth and easy ground to the crater's edge, from which the smoke—I should rather say the sulphur steam—was rising in great volumes. Vesuvius never *smokes* except in eruption; a light, white vapor, like that from the escape-valve of a steamer on arriving in harbor, is its ordinary discharge. The wind usually blows from the sea, and our guide, leading us by an easy path to leeward, we soon found ourselves in wreaths of vapor, provocative of incessant and inevitable coughing. I was at first alarmed, but seeing the guides quite unconcerned, and being assured by them that it was "very wholesome," we stood still, and soon discovered that a pocket handkerchief held to the mouth prevented all annoyance from the sulphur-vapor.

As soon as we had time to look about us, we found ourselves on a sulphur-bank just at the edge of the crater; and here the first object which caught my attention was a lady, taking a bird's-eye view of the interior, from

an elevation at which I am bold to say no lady ever inspected its phenomena before. The bearers, taking my directions "to bring my daughter as far as they could," quite *au pied de lettre*, had stumbled and slipped on with her to the very edge of the crumbling, slippery bank, and there she sat, in more peril than ever M. P. encountered while charring through a hostile mob, for a slip or stumble would have sent her either sheer down into the Vesuvius crater, or on the other side to roll down to the level of the Atria di Cavallo; nor was a slip an impossibility, for the soil was so hot that we were obliged to shift our ground every minute, and the men were performing the usual experiment of roasting eggs in little holes scooped at our very feet! We soon released the girl from her "bad eminence," and when fairly on *terra infirma*, we congratulated her as a young lady addicted to the romantic, on having taken an observation from an altitude probably never reached by a lady tourist but herself.

We now advanced somewhat farther, so as to obtain a view of disintombing Pompeii, easily distinguished by its amphitheatre, and of the vast plain, studded with villages and vineyards, which extends into the interior of the country to the south and east. The lava has occasionally broken out in this direction, yet the vast majority of eruptions have been towards Naples and the sea. It was *not* lava which overwhelmed Pompeii, but vast layers of tuffa; and of that light, ashen substance already described—hence, the "ruinous perfection" in which it has been disintombing. Nay, for that matter, it was not lava either which hermetically sealed up Herculaneum. Charles Dickens, in his powerful way, takes us into the Herculaneum theatre; as it now stands, a dreary pit, hemmed in by walls of monstrous thickness, which he supposes to have been once boiling lava; and then calls on us to conceive that "this once came rolling in and drowned the city in a red sea of molten marble." But this was not so; boiling lava did roll over the city in many a stream afterwards—Sir William Hamilton counts six distinct eruptions, with formed soil between each, besides that which buried the city; but *that*, as he convincingly argues, must have been, not lava, but a liquid mud, formed by the water sometimes thrown out in eruptions in large quantities, and which, cementing ashes, pumice, and other heterogeneous matters into a matrix or mould, flowed round and into the dwellings of the city, and ultimately indurated into a substance, which they now hew with axes like any other rock. Had lava been the agent of destruction, we should not have those well-preserved statues and delicate frescoes in the Museo Borbonico, which have come to us as well preserved as if they had

lain inclosed in a plaster masque. It appears to me as if the matter which filled up Herculaneum must have been not unlike the composition with which they form the terraced roofs of the neighboring towns to this day.

I believe a clear, leisurely view of the crater can never be had. Our guides assured us that it never steamed less than at the time of our visit; the vapor, though light, was incessant. By watching opportunities, a flaw of wind would sometimes give us a view across the gulf to the opposite wall of rock, beautifully flowered with sulphur crystals of astonishing variety and richness; then would rise a fresh volume of vapor, forcing us to turn our head, and submit to a sulphur steaming all over, which we could only hope was wholesome, for it was specially disagreeable. All this while we never got a glimpse of the bottom, said to be about 1200 feet in sheer depth. We could only peer into a dark void, forming an excellent illustration of the principle that "obscurity is a source of the sublime." Before we left this part of the mountain, the guide pointed out to us the results of a small eruption of last year, the lava of which had spread itself but a short way into the level of the Atria di Cavallo, never reaching the lower region of the mountain at all. I noticed in this sheet of lava two objects which I would gladly have examined more closely—namely, two little miniature craters, which rose in different places out of the mass to a height of from ten to fifteen feet. They were in all respects models of the cone on which we stood, with orifices in the top; and I cannot help thinking, that if examined with a geological eye, they might afford some insight into the secrets of volcanic agency. I account for their origin in this wise: that when the lava flowed forth, it either brought with it (if that were possible), or covered over in its flowing some unfused combustible material, and that these lay under the mass until a fall of rain or snow supplied water to perform whatever part it has in volcanic agency, and that then a kind of miniature eruption took place, and the burning matter below, threw up these little funnels by a degree of the same force which formed their gigantic neighbor, from whose summit we overlooked them.

Having gazed our fill, picked sulphur specimens, and rolled cinder masses back into the crater until tired, we followed our guide to the other side of the cone to inspect a second crater or funnel, into which, he assured us, it was divided at bottom. Hitherto the vapor hid the boundary between the two funnels, which rose only half-way out of the depth, but when we came to the windward side, we were able to see distinctly that the mountain was divided at bottom into two funnel-shaped orifices. The volcanic action on the west or seaward side

appeared much more powerful and nearer to us than on the other; the smoke or steam rose in many places from vents or fissures under our feet. And here, for the first and only time, I obtained a momentary glimpse of the actual bottom. For a few seconds there was a complete cessation of vapor, and I could discern a dark, profound deepening at the bottom to a dull red heat, over which a lighter flame seemed to flicker. I called all to look, but as I spoke it was gone! the vapor again rose in volumes, and never gave us another chance; and presently the guide, looking westward, gave the word to descend.

This descent of Vesuvius is a very pretty summer-day pastime; they sell you cheap prints at Naples which give an excellent idea of the "fun"—you need but to keep your head well back; let your heel sink into the ashes as deep as it will go, take as long a step as you can manage without disturbing the centre of gravity, and then "go it!" and you will find the ascent of an hour become a descent of ten minutes; people speak of doing it in three, but these, I opine, must be of that "go-ahead" American school, who can arrive at the end of their journey *the evening before they set out!* Again to recur to Dickens's description—his adventure of a *night* descent down this bed of ashes at an angle of 60 deg.—*coated with ice!* must have been anything but "fun,"—no marvel that one broken leg was the result—the real wonder is how any of the party came to the bottom without a broken neck.

"Ecco, Mons. Guiseppe," said I, as we topped down upon him where he waited with the ponies; "*è fatto*—the deed is done."

"*Sì, Signor,*" returned Guiseppe, rather gravely, as if he thought that though done it had been done in a rebellious and disorderly way that I had no reason to be proud of.

We were now quickly back at the Hermitage. Our dinner, brought from Naples, laid out by Guiseppe. The Lachryma was supplied by the quasi Hermit; and the girls announced that they had "tolerable appetites," which, but that the stock of provisions was abundant, I should have pronounced quite "intolerable."

We have dined; and now the girls, yet unaware of the rapidity with which night falls in these regions, are indulging expectations of catching an evening sketch or so in a glowing twilight, when in a moment the sun sinks and darkness visible comes on. "Ah," observes one, "I wish we could keep that beautiful deep blue sky a little longer."

"A little longer," rejoins another; "I wish

we could keep it *always*, and carry it to *England* with us."

This little dialogue reminded me of a similar one which I had been just taking from that painfully interesting book, "The Diary of an Ennuyée," as the subject of a verse-thought on the fair, but fallen land in which we were sojourning.

"*How I wish I could transplant those skies to England!*"

"*Cruelle!*"—said an Italian behind me—"ce nous notre beau ciel, tout est perdu pour nous."—DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.

What stranger, wouldst thou take away
The Arch which spans our sunlight flood?
Stranger! you know not what you say—
Leave us our poor amount of good

Tho' skies of cloud, and climate cold
— Hang o'er your wondrous Island-home,
Beneath them spring the free—the bold—
— Lords of the world where'er they roam.

Purpose and nerve are yours—thence power—
And these your bracing clime can give,
We but bask out life's listless hour,
— We!—oh, the shame!—are doze, you live.

Leave o'er our Bay our sun to gleam—
Ah, what were left the aimless slave,
If left of all that gilds his dream
Between the cradle and the grave?

The question is now of our return to Resina. There stood the ponies—the indefatigable, the unequalled—ready to take us down stairs to Resina as they had brought us up in the morning, if we so determined; having no wish, however, to test their sagacity in the darkness, so that, acting on the proverb, "the longest way round is the shortest way home," we choose the carriage road—and these wonderful creatures walk away with us as safely as ever; they guide themselves down to Resina through such a network of lanes, windings, and not-to-be-forgotten *smells!* as no description could convey. When within the precincts of the town, groups of dark cloaked men occasionally pass us, but not a word of incivility or gesture of interruption from any—the ponies turn of their own accord into the very courtyard whence we had started in the morning; the carriage waits; we had settled all expenses with Signor Pasquale at the Hermitage, and in five minutes we were whirling away to Naples, where we arrive after twelve hours' hard exercise, sufficiently tired, but still more satisfied and thankful that we had "*done our Vesuvius*" so successfully.

R.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I WAS at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables-d'hôte*, I established myself at a hotel in the *Judenstrasse*, frequented by a select society. Mr. Müller, master of this establishment, did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house. One might pass through the servants' room, and even through the kitchens, without meeting with any thing by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a bookcase, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart, in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table d'hôte* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantries; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Müller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of the Rhine wine or Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Müller assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Müller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair, whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonized with the features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood;—such was Ellen Müller.

A councillor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Müller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Müller, a man of extensive acquirements and great good sense, took part, with a choice of expressions and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful me-

lodies, in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Werter, were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the Baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstasy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The Baron brought Mrs. Müller tickets for concerts and theatres. Often, at the dessert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened, as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the Baron, or gracefully thanked the Student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the Baron's or the Student's loves. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through time and space the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the Baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house

presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Müller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus:—"Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Mr. Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points as from politeness towards the new-comer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices, whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices: at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations: it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband.

Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Malthus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man; nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was internally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leant over towards me and said, in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied; "and, what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude

testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her.

Then, to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.

Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you!"

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down, very pensive, at the further end of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Müller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said, in a low voice—

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music."

"With your mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."

Mrs. Müller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, "One meets people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon 'Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Müller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendancy over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction; but as soon as he relaxed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody,—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her

When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well!"

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in its harmony to have been the result of an accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of appreciating all the right-mindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self-love cruelly suffered to see preferred to him a lame merchant with a fine voice. He sometimes attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughs were never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party was assembled Werter approached Mr. Müller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Müller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," said she, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides, he is very young," added Mrs. Müller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," quoth the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Malthus, who had observed all that passed, rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," he said, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves, in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of

merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate."—

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Müller, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable "*myself*" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; "and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes, beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice—

"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Müller, "my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Müller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose denouement remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y.," said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of example?"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter reentered the room, pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence, which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Müller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me"—

He paused, and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Müller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer who had been

recommended to me as extremely skilful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

"One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and, I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at night-fall approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached.

"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins, on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage-ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so.

He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself as more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position."

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Müller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have little," he said, "to add to your narration. The man who was so fortunate as to render you a service remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree, he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise. Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger, and handed it to Mr. Müller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated; tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and, placing in it that of the Jew—

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

A RAILWAY TO THE CAMP FROM BALAKLAVA.—A remarkable example of the manner in which all the appliances of the age are brought to bear in the contest in the Crimea is found in a proposal which has been made, and we understand which has been accepted by the Government, to send out a large quantity of iron rails, and to construct a railway from Balaklava to the camp. Some of the most eminent and distinguished of our railway contractors have proposed to send out at once ten thousand tons of rails, with a body of their own men, and have undertaken within three weeks of their arrival in the Crimea to have a railway constructed and ready for use from the landing-place at Balaklava to the camp. It is said that the offer has been at once accepted by the Government, and that no time will be lost in putting it into execution. The terms are, that the contractors shall manage the whole matter with their own men, and when the railway is finished they will hand it over to the army, at the exact net cost, refusing to accept of a single shilling for their labor, management, or the use of their capital. We understand that this patriotic and energetic scheme has been conceived and will be executed by Mr. Peto and his friends.—*Economist*.

Mr. Perkins, the son of a gentleman who some years ago invented and exhibited in the metropolis a steam-gun, makes the following offer—"I am prepared to undertake to supply the Government with a steam-gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles. If such a gun were fixed in Brunel's large ship of 10,000 tons, I venture to say that Sebastopol would be destroyed without losing a man."

"E. B. D." complains to the *Times* of the regulations of the Post-office with regard to the transmission of books: if you try to defraud the revenue by putting a letter in a book, the letter is taken out, and twopence postage charged; but if you make a mistake and send a book over one pound weight, it is forfeited, or double letter-postage charged for it.

The Australian letters complain of the reckless shipment of goods from England, which has rendered them a drug in the colonial marts: goods can be bought in Sydney so cheap that they can be reexported to England at a profit.

From Hogg's Instructor.

CHRISTMAS CHANGES.

He was a little old man, between sixty and seventy years of age; and over his thin hair he wore a black velvet skull-cap, and a pair of blue goggles concealed his fast-dimming eyes. His sharply-hooked nose, and thin, compressed lips, still bespoke, notwithstanding the general dulling of his senses, the keen, cool, calculating, worldly-wise, not to say hard man. Sitting after dinner in his favorite easy-chair, beside his handsome dining-room table, with his modicum of French brandy in a tumbler before him, to be filled up with three-fourths hot water from the little china jug beside it, the little old man—such as we describe him, crossed one small leg over the other, and peered through his blue goggles at his pale wife, sitting opposite, for a reply to his last remark.

She, her gentle eyes cast down, and an anxious pucker wrinkling her white forehead, appeared to wish to decline a reply; but at length, constrained thereto by the piercing look from behind the blue goggles, ventured to say:—

"It must be as you please, Mr. Curling; but your own brother—you cannot allow it—people expect something."

"What is it to me what people expect?" replied the old man, in his harsh, grating voice. "At the time of the late unfortunate occurrence, I said to him, 'Now, Thomas, I have once more freed you from the consequences of your imprudence. I have set you, as the phrase goes, on your legs again. If you do not now make money, it is not my fault, and I will have nothing further to do with it; so, remember never to apply to me again.' He muttered something about want of capital to keep the concern going. The extravagant fool! he should have saved it out of his living, as I did, when I began life with two-and-sixpence."

At this point of the conversation, the manservant entered, with letters on a waiter. Delivering them to his master, he advanced towards his mistress; and while Mr. Curling was deliberately cutting the paper round the seals, the domestic said in a low voice, "If you please, ma'am, Miss Curling wishes to speak to you immediately. She is in her own room."

Mrs. Curling rose, and as Joseph retired, his master inquired, suspiciously, "Hey! what's that?"

"Only Charlotte, my dear. She wishes to speak to me."

"Why send for you? Why cannot she come here?"

"My dear, perhaps she is not well," said Mrs. Curling, gently. "Is there a letter for her?"

"No," replied her husband, peering at the directions through his blue goggles. "I am surprised that there is not one by this mail from India," he continued. "I trust the boy is not ill."

"Ah! dear fellow," said Mrs. Curling; and the anxious pucker re-appeared on her forehead. Leaving the room, she ascended the stairs to the chamber of her daughter, the only one of their children residing beneath the parental roof.

It was a pleasant apartment, of considerable

size, furnished with every luxury, and gay with flowers and rare birds. Its occupant ran to meet her parent as she entered, and twined a pair of emaciated arms about her neck.

"Mamma! dear mamma! such a letter from poor Annie. Oh! mamma, do you think he will relent! do you think he will forgive?"

She was a poor dwarfed creature, this little Charlotte, and far from strong or well. A cruel accident in her babyhood had warped her slender spine, leaving it but a weak and gnarled support for a fine and classical head, and a face lovely with the reflex of the meek, benevolent spirit within. This face, however, was now all wo-begone and tear-swollen; and a fresh burst of tears added to its agonized expression, as Charlotte hid her grief on the bosom of her affectionate mother.

"Charlotte, my darling," said the habitually composed lady, suppressing two sympathetic drops that tried hard to fall from her white eyelids, and remained entangled in their jetty lashes,—"my dearest child, recover yourself, and tell me what of our poor Annie."

"Oh! mamma, mamma, such a letter,—all about her husband leaving her, and—oh! papa will say that he is always right about people. But he cannot allow her to starve, can he, mamma?"

"I trust not, my love." Yet Mrs. Curling looked dubious. "Some men do not believe. But show me the letter."

Annie was not Mrs. Curling's own daughter; yet the gentle step-mother found it hard to maintain her composure, as she perused the blotted lines handed to her by Charlotte.

"My darling Charlotte:—My own loving little sister—your poor Annie is so wretched, so very wretched! What shall I do? He is gone—gone forever! still loved, though latterly so cruel; and I have not a penny in the house. But I don't think much of that. We have been very badly off, lately, often. We have wanted for food a day at a time. I did not dare to write to my father. You know what he is, Charlotte; he is so determined, when he takes against a person, especially one who dares him, like Edward. Dear Charlotte, I want to come home to you and my mother. I want your society, your friendship; I want your affection to bind up this poor broken heart. The whole world is full of gloom. Do you think my father would let me come? Plead for me; ask dear mamma to do her best. I will be quiet and submissive, and please him in everything; only he must not be too severe upon poor Edward. I could not bear that. My poor husband, he suffered so,—and men cannot endure like women,—and I dare say he thought I should be no worse off without him. I scarcely know what I write; but dear, dearest Charlotte, let me have a few lines soon, to say what is to be done. ANNIE."

Mrs. Curling remained awhile in deep thought, then saying, "I will go and see what can be done with your father, Charlotte," she gave her one kiss, and left the room.

Meanwhile the little old man below sat in angry cogitation over one of the letters that he

had received. Poor Annie's request came at an unfortunate moment.

"Well, what now?" he testily inquired, as his wife re-entered the room; "what nonsense is in the wind now? Do not let it be anything to vex me, Mrs. Curling; I have quite enough here to do *that*, ma'am." And quite transported out of his usual manner, Mr. Curling tossed the offending letter across the table to his wife.

It was from a tenant of one of Mr. Curling's small houses, in Denton Street, whose rent was over-due; and who, knowing from report the character of his landlord, wrote to beseech his forbearance for a few weeks. The poor man candidly explained his position; told Mr. Curling how his wife lay dying of a fever, that had likewise stricken down two of his children, and how he himself had been cheated by a plausible friend. Mrs. Curling read the letter, and returned it, saying, mildly, "You will give him time, Mr. Curling?"

"Time! yes, to take himself off, and his sick family to the hospital, before the sale commences. Do you suppose I do not see through his humbug? I shall certainly send a man in to take possession to-morrow, Mrs. Curling, whatever you may think of me," added the little man, observing that his wife looked pained. "I have had enough of arrears of rent."

Poor Mrs. Curling! it was not a very good opportunity for disclosing her errand. But there must be no delay, Annie might be starving! So she steadied her voice, which was sadly wavering and trembling, like her whole frame, and acquainted Mr. Curling, that when he was at liberty to attend to her, she had a letter to read to him. He re-seated himself, for, in his heat about the insolent tenant, he had been walking hurriedly to an fro, and fixing the blue goggles full on his wife's countenance, awaited her next words in severe silence.

Softening down what she knew her husband would regard as exaggeration, amounting to untruthfulness, she began,

"My dearest Charlotte——"

But of course we are not going to inflict the whole letter upon our readers over again. Pursuing the same system of reducing the stronger expressions of the epistle, and omitting the writer's true, though by no means flattering, opinion of her father's disposition, the lady ended, without opposition from the critical goggles on the other side of the table.

Five minutes elapsed, and Mr. Curling had uttered no word; only, he crossed one leg peevishly over the other, and, giving a jerking turn in his chair, conveyed the blue goggles so far away, that his wife could only see the extreme outward rim of the one that concealed his left eye. Another five minutes, passed in the same suspense, determined Mrs. Curling upon speaking. But, just as the words hovered upon her subdued lips, she was prevented. Her husband had jerked himself round again, and was taking his purse—an old-fashioned leather one, with a steel clasp—out of his pocket. He opened it and his mouth simultaneously.

"There," he said, depositing a bank-note on the table before Mrs. Curling, but slowly and

with a peculiar manipulation, as if it stuck to his fingers—and bank-notes do stick to the fingers of men like Mr. Curling—"there, send that to the disobedient ingrate, and tell her she must do as better women have done, go out into the world and work for her living, thanking God that she is rid of a villain. No more," he continued, stopping Mrs. Curling as she was about to speak, perhaps to plead with him; "no more. Write exactly as I tell you."

His wife left the room, and hastened to her daughter, who was anxiously awaiting the result of the conference. Mingling their regrets together, the two women comforted each other, and then wrote to poor Annie, though not exactly in the terms commanded by Mr. Curling. The bank-note was one for five pounds.

It is the day after that on which our tale opens. In a small, confined bedroom, on the first floor of a tall, narrow house, in an unwholesome street about three miles distant from Mr. Curling's fine suburban residence, a woman lies struggling with the scant breath of life that yet lingers in her attenuated frame. Her mother-in-law bends over her in tears, and prays that the agony may pass away, and that the Saviour in whom she has trusted may receive her to Himself. While thus praying, a man, elderly, thin, and with a look of intense distress upon his haggard countenance, enters the apartment, and beckons to his mother, who goes behind the curtain of the bed to speak to him.

"Is the doctor come?" she inquires. "I thought I heard his voice."

"No," replies the man in a hollow whisper. "It is—it is—the bailiffs. I could not keep them out; they came upon me unawares."

"And Elizabeth lying there! The Lord forgive him; he is a cruel man; and after your letter, too! Well thank God, she is nearly out of his reach."

"You don't mean, mother—not so soon!"

"James, my poor son, you must part with Elizabeth to-day. She is drawing away fast. Thank God! her poor soul knows where to lean for support. Weep not for her, my son, it is we who are to be pitied. She is going where the tears are wiped from every eye."

"I wish we were going with her, mother. The world is gloomy enough, and what will it be without her?"

"James, submit your will to His. You have great cause for thankfulness, my poor son; Mary and Jemmy are so much better. The doctor said last night, that he did not doubt but they would be about in a few days."

"Ay, with nourishing food; and how are we to get it? But it is sinful to despair; God will provide for that. Yet, oh! mother, my Elizabeth! my dear, dear wife!"

It seemed as if the stifled cry of love's agony reached the dull ear of the dying woman. There was a slight stir in the bed, and James's mother hastened to her post. Elizabeth's eyes were wider open, and, as her husband likewise drew near, they fell upon him, and a faint, sweet smile passed over her countenance. He knelt beside her, and took her wan hand in his.

"James," she whispered, so low that he had to place his ear close to her lips to catch the words; "my children—bring them—I am going—Jesus—Saviour."

The fluttering whisper ceased, and the soul was with its God. The mother and her son knelt in prayer, for the bereaved husband was too much awestricken even to weep. Meanwhile, the rich landlord's bailiffs kept their grim watch below.

* * * * *

The scene changes. A woman is sitting all alone in a gloomy parlor, where no sound is heard, save the buzzing of a solitary fly that has survived the autumnal frosts, and the twinkle of the dying embers of a very poor, little fire. She shivers, for it is a bitter cold day, and the room is cold, and her own heart is cold, and she feels as if nothing would ever warm it again. Yes, one thing might, perhaps, and that is denied her.

"Cruel father! he could send me that paltry bank-note, and tell me to go out and battle with the world, when I would far rather lay me down and die. Oh! if I could but spend one week, only one week, with my dear mother and sister, I think it would strengthen me to do his bidding. Oh, my home! my home!"

Poor Annie! poor deserted one! She was still young, and might have been pretty, but that her cheek was so sallow, and her eye so dull and dim, and her hair so neglected. Not in picturesque dishevelment, but all matted and forlorn, it lay in ragged masses upon cheek and neck; and the shabby, faded shawl, and the thin, elevated shoulders and crouching form, as she gathered herself together to keep out the cold, contributed to the general ungracefulness of her appearance. Talk as the poets will of beauty in distress, we are not lovable when soul and condition are alike wretched, save to those who love us very truly.

But what mattered it to the deserted wife? The eye that she alone sought to please, cruel and cold as it had often been, when rendered desperate by circumstances, flashing and furious, when maddened by strong drink, had vanished from her presence for ever. It even bestowed its fitful and undesirable love upon another—but Annie knew not that. Happy for her—if the word happy may be even comparatively applied in such a position—for a last drop in the cup of her bitterness might have turned her poor racked brain, and sent the disobedient daughter unprepared to her last account.

Oh! Almighty Father, may she yet atone, if not by her weary punishment, yet by acts of duty rendered where they have long been due! But her father's hard heart, that must be vanquished, to afford her the opportunity. Alas! how the influences of the spirit of mercy are needed in this earth of ours! Yet it is fitting, and a part of the wise designs of the Creator, that the sinning should likewise be the suffering, even in this world.

* * * * *

Again we shift our scene. This time we convey our reader to a neighboring town, and beg him to observe, in a neat room behind a small linen-draper's shop, the shutters of which last are

closed, a husband and wife, who sit opposite each other in mournful silence. At length the husband speaks.

"One poor two hundred pounds would have got me out of my present difficulties, and preserved my credit until I could reduce the business, or commence another and a safer one. And he refuses! he who has thousands lying at his banker's! Why, my failure itself is entirely his fault."

"I have heard you say so before, my love," remarked the wife. "I know and can bear testimony, at any rate, that it is no want of industry on your part, or of economy on mine, that has caused you to come to a stand-still. But explain to me exactly how it is your brother's fault, as you say. I believe he set you up with the kindest intentions."

"So he did, Emily; at least we will give him credit for assisting me for my own sake, and not merely because I belonged to the family. But this is how it is. A kindness half done had frequently better be left undone. When Ralph saddled me with this concern, he gave me no capital to carry it on with, though he well knew I had little or nothing left of my own. Without capital, how was I to buy in the stock in trade? When customers inquired for this thing or the other, it was frequently wanting. Of course they soon got tired, and went where they were sure of procuring what they wanted."

"And that, Thomas, you consider the sole cause of your failure?"

"Of course, Emily. The shop is in an excellent situation; the business an old established one. I spared no effort to keep it together, and with a thousand, or even five hundred pounds, to turn over in the course of the year, I know I could have made it more than answer."

"Well," said his wife, "there is nothing for it but submission. When do the creditors meet?"

"Mamma! mamma! are we not to go to school any more?" interrupted a rosy little boy and girl, bursting breathlessly in. "Aunt Mary says so."

"It is too true, my dears," replied their fond mother, gazing sorrowfully upon them.

"Why do you say *too* true, mamma, and with that mournful voice, too?" inquired the little Emily. "We are glad, are we not, Ralph?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered the little boy, dancing about the room for joy.

"My darlings, come hither," said their mother, and her grave tone this time made some impression upon them. "I must make you understand how it is that you are not to go to school any longer, and then you will not be so very glad."

So they came about her chair, and she lifted little Ralph on to her knee, and making Emily sit at her feet, she told them how their father had become very poor, and that, carefully as they had lived, they were now obliged to be much more careful.

"Then, will my father keep a shop?" asked Emily, who had always been very proud of the decked-out windows, and thought a shopkeeper rather a grand personage.

"No, my love, we are going to remove from this house and shop. We shall live in a very

tiny house; and your father will go as an assistant into another man's shop."

"O dear, dear," said Emily, "I am very sorry."

"But I'm glad," persisted little Ralph, "because I shall have no more nasty lessons to learn."

"Do not flatter yourself, Ralph," replied his mother; "you will still have lessons to learn. The only difference will be, that you will say them to me, instead of to Miss Woods."

The children retired into a corner, and talked over this wonderful news in low voices, while their mother prepared tea; for she had already dismissed the little maid-of-all-work who had been wont to share her labors. Then, when all was ready, the family assembled quietly round the table. The children ate with their usual appetite, and a mirthful word or laugh would occasionally break out, notwithstanding the shade of gloom which the manner of their parents threw upon them. Mrs. Curling poured out a cup of tea for her husband, which he drank almost unconsciously, but tasted no food. She herself took nothing.

As the evening advanced, joy-bells filled the frozen atmosphere with music, and people hurried to and fro, making their purchases; but the bankrupt's shop remained dark and joyless, and in the neat parlor behind, the parents, their little ones soundly asleep in their beds above, sat together over the waning fire, and imagined all manner of dismal objects in its red recesses. Yet it was a night on which the general world is glad—it was Christmas Eve!

Yes, it was Christmas Eve, and on such an occasion there was wont to be, year after year, a well-spread dinner-table at Ralph Curling's, graced by the presence of one or two old friends, whose worldly wisdom and dry humor rendered them especially acceptable to its master. But where were they to night? and where were pale Mrs. Curling and kind little Charlotte? and, above all, where was the little old man with the velvet skull-cap and the blue goggles, who had, for some thirty years back, never been missing from his easy chair in the dining-room at this hour? Where was he? In his own chamber, stretched almost senseless on his luxurious bed, his gentle wife weeping bitterly beside him; and servants came and went softly; and the doctor was summoned, lest the attack should prove one of apoplexy or paralysis; and all was confusion and dismay in that comfortable suburban mansion. As for poor little Charlotte, she, too, lay prostrate on her bed in her own apartment, for her weakly frame could ill sustain the shock that had overtaken the family.

And the cause of all this? Have the rich man's possessions melted away from his tight grasp, leaving him in a far worse position than those on whom his stern missives and unrelenting dealings have fallen this day like a blight? Is he become a beggared bankrupt in his frail old age, after some twenty or thirty years' enjoyment of hard-earned luxury? Alas! no. A mere worldly trial, the loss of a little of the shining dust which plays so conspicuous a part in the drama of life, might have rendered the man

frantic, despairing, mad; but would never have prostrated him in the speechless agony that now froze his blood. In this world-hardened and generally unsympathizing heart, there yet existed an unsuspected corner, where lingered the sole remaining tenderness of the man's nature; and this secret tenderness it was which had now, by the all-wise dispensations of Providence, been converted into a fountain of anguish.

Let us, however, no longer deal in parables, but carry our reader back with us to the luncheon hour at Mr. Curling's, on the same Christmas Eve. The slight meal was spread in the dining-room, and Mr. Curling sat in his usual easy chair, the blue goggles more lively than usual, and the whole man pleasanter and less critical. The truth was, he was pleased with himself. He had succeeded in overcoming certain half-perceptible and wholly amazing twinges of heart or conscience, relative to his daughter Annie; which he called weaknesses, but which others might have considered gleams of a better nature, or a very allowable remnant of paternal affection for the erring one. However that might be, Ralph had got rid of the suspicious emotions in a manner peculiar to himself, and was rejoicing in his renewed liberty of mind; so that he even deigned to be facetious, in a stiff, dry sort of way, with little Charlotte, sitting near her mother at the opposite side of the table. The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs. Curling's pet canary twittered in his gilded cage in the large bay window, and peered through the plate-glass window panes at two or three sooty suburban sparrows, that hopped hither and thither on the half-melted snow of the lawn outside, leaving the prints of their tiny claws on its surface. Said canary to himself, as many of our convicted felons might say to the honest working man, "I am better off than you, though I am in prison and you are free;" and forthwith he nibbled his rape-seed, and sipped his fresh water from the crystal bottle with increased gusto, and carolled a sudden snatch of shrilly song. But Mr. Curling could not suffer this in his dignified presence, and he signified as much to his wife; who rose to throw her pocket-handkerchief over the cage, thus silencing the noisy songster. As she did this, she caught sight of the postman coming in at the gate.

Oh, penny-postman! liveried servant of that mighty abstraction, Her Majesty's mail, how often, when in great suspense, waiting for an important letter, have we in our youthful fantasies wished you endued with bells, that we might at least know when you were in our neighborhood! And were it likewise well, oh postman! if you carried that matter-of-fact, commonplace visage of yours, according to a prescient instinct that we suspect you to possess as to the contents of that fateful budget in your hand, that one might form a cursory guess whether it contains news that will please or freeze us, set us dancing with pleasure, or drive us frantic with woe or disappointment? Oh postman! such a sympathetic countenance would sometimes be a kindly warning, preventing the flood of joy or misery from too sudden and overwhelming an invasion of our frail human faculties.

Mrs. Curling remained standing at the window for some moments, perhaps thinking somewhat in the above strain. At any rate she had fallen into a short but deep reverie, hearing, as in a dream, the postman's ring, and the entrance of the servant with letters. She was aroused by a terrified exclamation from Charlotte, and turned just in time to see her husband falling from his chair, while an open letter, with an enclosure, lay on the table before him. So much she unconsciously noted as she sprang towards him, hurriedly desiring Charlotte, who sat as if petrified, to ring the bell for assistance.

When the stricken man had been carried to his bed, and everything done for him that duty and affection could suggest, Mrs. Curling remembered the letter, and sought in it the cause of this mysterious attack. Alas! it was quickly evident. The wafer (for it was an Indian letter) was black; the handwriting that of a stranger. Mr. Curling's only son had perished, not on the glorious battle-field, but in his bed, of a fever caught while attending a fellow-officer; who, in his turn, nursed the generous youth who had sacrificed his life for him, and now broke, as gently as might be, the shock to his mourning family. But, kindly as this was done, it was too much for the father, who had bestowed the whole strength of his affection upon one cherished idol.

The Great Father, with a kindly purpose, smites us in our idols; there is no use in disguising the fact. How otherwise could the hard, cold natures of men like this Ralph Curling, be broken up sufficiently to receive the dew from heaven, and the seed of the Word, that so they may, even at the eleventh hour, bring forth fruits meet for repentance?

The evening came; the half-melted snow crisped as the night set in, intensely brilliant with a frosty starlight, and a broad full moon, that hung forth in bold relief like a golden lamp in the indigo sky. The devout of various sects hurried to church or chapel; the thoughtless and the poor made their late marketings for the morrow's feasting. The joy-bells rang out in this town also, and the deserted Annie heard them in her far quarter of the city, and the widower in Denton Street heard them, as he sat desolate-hearted beside his convalescent children. Ralph Curling also heard them from the little church in his neighborhood, for sense and memory had returned with twilight, though his left side was partially paralyzed. But to him they sounded like a funeral peal.

'Sarah,' he said to his wife, in imperfect accents—he had scarcely ever called her by her Christian name—'Sarah, that letter enclosed in the other—read it now.'

Mrs. Curling took it from her pocket; the seal was yet unbroken, and the superscription, 'For my dear father, with speed,' was in his handwriting who should never more take pen in hand. It was like a missive from the grave.

'Are you sure you can bear it, my dear?' she said, gently, bending over her husband's pillow. He turned his face away, and covered his eyes with his bony hand.

'Read—read,' he repeated, with a husky voice. She obeyed. The letter was short, and written

with a faltering pen, and here and there was an almost illegible line, as if the writer's scanty remnant of strength had failed him. Meanwhile the chime of the bells mingled with her voice, and filled up the pauses.

'My beloved father,—From my bed of death I write this, at intervals as I have strength, and Grey will see that it is sent to you. I am going fast, but I thank God that he has restored my reason to pen my last farewell to you. My dear father, I have not been all that I ought to have been, but my heavenly Parent has forgiven my sins, for my Saviour's sake, and is now my guide and support in this awful hour. Oh! father, make him yours. Not all the gold that you have heaped will give you one moment's pleasure, in such an hour as this. My father, kind and indulgent as you have ever been to me, I have noticed that you are hard to other people. Permit me, now standing in the light of eternity, with the portals of the other world already opening to receive me, to remind you that charity is above all things, that "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Oh! my father, my beloved father, be merciful, be pitiful, and entreat that the Holy Spirit may enlighten your soul, that you may discern the things that belong to your eternal peace. Praying that the grace of the Saviour may rest upon you, with kindest love to my good, unknown mother, and my dear little sister Charlotte, your ever affectionate, though dying son,

CHARLES CURLING.'

'P. S.—Annie, father, poor disobedient Annie, I fear she will be in trouble. Forgive her, father, as you hope to be forgiven. It is my last request.'

Mrs. Curling's gentle face was almost drowned in tears as she concluded. Her husband made no other comment than a deep groan, that seemed wrung as it were from the anguish of his spirit. For awhile he lay quite still, then, extending his hand, and muttering, 'Give me the letter,' he placed it beneath his pillow; and again turning his face to the wall, remained motionless for many hours.

These death-bed warnings, perhaps, rarely work any permanent good. In some instances, however, they are blessed, and reach their mark in the heart's core, dividing asunder the mass of old sins like a two-edged sword, stirring them up to be repented of, and causing a vital change in the whole life thereafter. Such was the case with Ralph Curling. The gentle, respectful hints and admonitions of the loved and lost, tempered as they were with the utmost filial affection, rankled in the old man's spirit, like barbed arrows, and worked silently there during several days of sickness and anguish. Meanwhile the sale in Denton Street had been postponed, for want of further instructions. Annie still shut herself up with her grief, subsisting on her father's churlishly-bestowed bounty; which, indeed, was scarcely yet diminished, for the sick at heart have little care for needful food. In the neighboring town, Thomas Curling and his patient wife were much in the same position as when we saw them last, the time for the meeting of the creditors being yet undecided; while little Emily and Ralph, notwithstanding their parent's sadness, revelled in their unwonted liberty. So

the days elapsed; and now it was the morning of New Year's Eve.

Mr. Curling had passed a calm night, sleeping soundly at intervals. His wife was surprised, when she came to his bed-side after breakfast, to mark the vivacity of his eye, the revivification of the whole man, scarcely compatible with the fact of his recent seizure. She almost suspected some access of fever. Yet his skin was cool, though his pulses bounded like those of youth.

'Sarah,' he said, as she stood looking wonderingly upon him, 'are you at liberty to help me to dress? I must get up.'

'My love,' she replied, uneasily, for this request alarmed her, 'you know the doctor said that perhaps it would be another week before you would be able to rise with safety. You ought not to think of it, indeed.'

'Sarah, do not attempt to prevent me. I have work to do, I have business to see after, that requires my personal attention,' added Mr. Curling decidedly. 'Seeing that his wife still hesitated, 'If you will not assist me to dress, I shall be compelled to ring for Joseph to do so.'

'No, no, I would rather attend to you myself,' replied Mrs. Curling, perceiving that the sick man would not be deterred from his rash design, as she considered it. She accordingly helped him to array himself, and having brought him warm water to bathe his face and hands, placed him comfortably in his easy-chair by the fire.

The Venetian window-blind was partially raised, and the wintry sunshine filled the room with a subdued, hazy lustre. The small birds twittered their remembrance of the last spring-tide, or their hope for that which was hidden in the coming months. Conspicuous among them was a robin, who, perched on a branch of the leafless pear-tree beneath the window, carolled a lively ditty, telling of crumbs and cheerfulness; and everything testified that this was one of those sweet winter days with which we are sometimes favored, and which unite the mildness of early spring with the pensiveness of the fading autumn. Mr. Curling sat by the crackling fire for some time in silence, then turned to his wife, who was quietly working at a small table near him.

'It is a beautiful day, Sarah, is it not? almost like April.'

'Yes, my dear,' she replied, without looking up from her work.

'Have you my glasses there?'

She handed them to him. He had already put on his velvet cap, and looked much like his former self, save that there was a slight alteration of countenance, but so general and undefinable, that you would have been puzzled to say in what the change consisted.

'I cannot quite manage these glasses with this awkward hand. Thank you, my dear, that will do. And now, Sarah,' he continued, 'I am about to make what you will consider a most extraordinary request. You must be so good as to ring the bell, and give orders for the carriage to be brought round.'

'Not to take you out, my dear, dear husband,' exclaimed Mrs. Curling, surprised out of her ordinary timidity of language, and looking really distressed. 'Indeed, you are too imprudent.'

Mr. Curling took her hand, a thing he had never done since the days of their reserved courtship.

'Sarah,' he said, in a gentle tone, so gentle that she looked in his face to see if it were really he, 'I am not mad, as you may suspect. But for this poor helpless hand and arm, and some remaining weakness, I am not even ill. But I have commands to execute that I dare not disobey; and you know,' he added, after a slight pause, as of partial embarrassment, 'we must work while it is called to-day. Cease to oppose me, therefore, and do as I have said.'

His wife had intelligence enough to perceive that some wonderful change had passed over the once hard, keen old man. A prophetic gleam even of his intention shone through her woman's perception, and she hastened to obey his behests. The carriage was brought round, and into it he got, warmly clothed in a greatcoat, and sundry furs and wrappers. Mrs. Curling followed, having, at his particular request, attired herself to accompany him.

'My dear,' he said, 'desire Joseph to drive to Denton Street.'

* * * * *

An hour afterwards, the poor tenant in Denton Street was sitting by himself in his little parlor, with his face buried in his hands, and crying like a child. He was still in this position when his mother returned from her small weekly marketing.

'What is the matter, James,' she asked, despondingly, as she seated herself wearily on the old sofa near him. 'What fresh trouble has befallen us now? Where are the children?' she continued, her mind recurring to them as the possible cause of grief.

'They are in the kitchen,' replied her son, lifting up his head, and exhibiting a countenance that completely puzzled his mother. She could almost have fancied that his emotion had nothing so very painful in it, after all, but that she believed joy to be an unlikely guest to cross their threshold.

'No fresh trouble, mother,' he replied to her puzzled look. 'I will tell you all as soon as I can. Mary and Jenny, though, could explain it better and quicker, so please go and ask them, for I declare it has made a complete baby of me.'

'I will call them here,' said his mother; 'we can't talk before that surly man. I wish all was over, James, and we were removed, if only to get rid of him sitting there.'

'Mother, he is there no longer.'

'My son, what do you mean?'

'I mean what I say, mother; he is there no longer. Look at this!' And with a kind of solemn joy, the poor man took a paper from a blank envelope that lay before him on the table, and placed it in his mother's hands. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds.

'But—but—' stammered the old woman, gazing helplessly upon it, 'I don't understand—' 'Ralph Curling,' that is your hard landlord, James.'

'Hard no longer, mother, but the kindest, the

best friend; though, to be sure, his manner is a little stiff."

There was no need to call the children. Their father, now that he was fairly launched into his subject, described the events of the last hour with a certain sort of eloquence, inspired by intense feeling. How he had been startled and somewhat alarmed by the stopping of a handsome carriage at his humble door; how Mr. Curling had stepped out of it and entered the house, accompanied by a pretty, but pale and timid-looking lady, whom he introduced as his wife. How, with a far kinder manner than his tenant had supposed could ever belong to him, the gentleman had made minute inquiries into the poor man's circumstances, and finding his statement corroborated by the artless replies of the children, and that his poverty was no fault of his, but to be attributed to a series of circumstances, over which he had no control, had not only dismissed the bailiff, and agreed to forgive him his arrears of rent until better times, but had even offered to lend him a hundred pounds, at four per cent. interest, to enable him to open a small shop, as a fancy stationer.

"I told him, mother, that I had been brought up to the business, and was sure I could make it answer, so we arranged that I should immediately take that small shop at the corner of Cross Street. And you and Mary, mother, shall knit some of those jimerack things in Berlin wool, and put them in the windows. We will be sure to make it out, somehow—won't we, mother?"

"Thank the Lord, my son, for all his mercies," ejaculated the pious old woman. "He has seen your upright intentions, and though he has tried you sorely, it was but to make your reward the greater. If our poor Elizabeth could but have lived to behold this day!"

"Ah! mother!"

An hour later still, and Annie was sitting in her mean room, but not now alone. Kind little Charlotte was there with her, seated close by her side; her transparent cheeks, wet with tears, through which a smile was struggling, and her fond arms wound round her sorrowful, but no longer despairing sister. For Charlotte had been sent thither as the bearer of a note, full of affection and kindness, though couched somewhat in a dry style, that was a second nature with Mr. Curling, and not easily to be altered by any change of feeling. So all was harmony now, and Annie was to pack up her poor apparel and go with Charlotte in the carriage which was to be sent for them, to spend the New Year's Eve, and many more thereafter, in the sheltered retreat of her old home.

No longer sallow, dishevelled, almost ugly Annie. A tinge of color beautifies her oval cheek; her brown hair has been gathered up and smoothed by the dexterous hand of her young sister; her dark eyes brighten and soften beneath the influence of kindness.

Oh! who would not be kind? Ye who are severe in judgment, intent on rectifying the errors of your weaker brethren and sisters, by what you consider a just reprehension of their sins, permit the due influence of those twin an-

gels of God, Love and Pity, in your indurated bosoms, and you will be astonished to find what a paradise will spring up there, a paradise from whose shining gates shall flow out upon all the world, harmonizing and cheering rays of mercy and forgiveness.

So Annie gathered up her scanty remnant of clothing, and her few little relics of early wedding-days, before the illusion of the courtship and honeymoon had been proved over and over again, to be a bad, delusive cheat. Then she stepped into the next street, laden with the remainder of her provisions, and gave them to a poor hard-working widow woman, for a new-year's feast for seven hungry children. And so, extinguishing the tiny fire, closing the shutters, and drawing down the blinds, the sisters went out and locked the door, feeling as if a wo had been left behind, and locked into the dark and solitary house.

The unconscious hours roll on, unknowing that their midnight hush witnesses the obsequies of the weary Old Year, and the installation of his hope-fraught successor, in another twelve months to lay his disappointed head as wearily down in the cold grave of the past. How many wishes, and anticipations, and fears, and, above all, resolutions, that tessellated pavement of the abyss, have their origin with the birth-day of each new year!

"We shall do better this year, please God, than we did the last. This year will, I hope, see my family all settled and doing for themselves. It is likely to be a bad year for the poor, God help them! With this new year I begin a new life, according to my solemn resolutions. The Lord enable me to keep them!" Such are the thoughts of hearts that shall be cold ere its close, or shall live to see their hopes, fears, anticipations, resolutions, frustrated or made void by the force of circumstances. But let us cease to deal with generalities, and take a peep at Ralph Curling's comfortable dining-room, at the usual hour for our visit thereto.

Mr. Curling himself is there, seated in his easy-chair; for, though compelled to retire to bed after his benevolent exertions of yesterday, he rallied in time to join the company after dinner, on this new year's day. He is in deep mourning, of course, as are all the rest, and wears his invariable blue goggles and velvet skull-cap. But there is no peering of hard suspicious eyes beneath the glasses, or hasty questioning about the merest trifle, or peevish tossing to and fro on his chair, as if the cushions were bestudded with thorns plucked from Mammon's crown. Instead, is visible a melancholy calm of demeanor, for the old man's thoughts are ever near his son's grave in the far tropical country; and an occasional ray of benevolence, as the softened eyes rest on one or another of the suffering ones with whom his awakened conscience has made its own peace. Mrs. Curling has relinquished her usual seat opposite, and sits beside him; for his helplessness requires her aid, and better days than those of their early marriage are established between them. Annie occupies her step-mother's old place, and Charlotte

clings closely to her, admiring how changed she is from the Annie she found her only yesterday. Thomas Curling, his wife, and their two children,—the latter full of awe at the grandeur, as they think it, of everything in their rich uncle's house,—fill up the remainder of the seats at the table.

Necessarily there was nothing of a gay tone in this family re-union, taking place as it did in a house of mourning. But hope, and forgiveness, and mutual good will were there. The brothers did justice to each other's better qualities; and Annie felt in her penitent soul, for the first time, how gravely she had sinned in slighting the paternal blessing upon her youthful choice.

"It was my conduct, doubtless," she thought, and a tear stole down her cheek, which Charlotte, in her loving scrutiny remarking, placed to the account of the absent traitor; "it was my conduct that rendered my father's character harder than it otherwise would have been. I was his eldest, his pride, and he expected that I should have been his joy. My disobedience and poor Edward's folly soured his temper, and rendered him suspicious of every one about him."

Perhaps Annie was right. It is certain that her stolen marriage had been a great blow to her father; and when men of a certain rigidity of mind are disappointed in their expectations of one human being to whom they have implicitly trusted, they frequently end by thinking uncharitably of all. Let children beware of violating the parental confidence. The consequences of an obstinate or thoughtless infringement of the fifth commandment may extend even into eternity.

The pet canary twittered cheerfully, as the party sat over their dessert; and Joseph and his fellow-servants, soberly enjoying themselves in the comfortable kitchen, with a bottle of their master's old sherry, and a handsome cake, specially presented to them by Mrs. Curling in honor of the day, chatted together pleasantly, and marvelled at the events of the last thirty-six hours.

"Master's taking a strange turn," remarked Joseph. "Only think of him sending me with his compliments and a fine goose to those vulgar folks in Denton Street. I wondered when him

and Missus went in the carriage yesterday; but I didn't think of him treating them *quite* as if they was his equals."

"Ah!" said the cook, "it's ever since the news of young master's death. Losses and sickness soften the heart, Joseph, and subdue the spirit wonderful. I shall never forget how he was took that day; and he's been mild as a lamb ever since."

"Well, I'm glad," said the housemaid, who had been some years in the family. "But for young master's death,—and he's gone to heaven, if ever young gentleman did,—perhaps Miss Annie, as I always calls her, married though she be, would not this day be sitting with the rest of them in her own father's dining-room, bless her kind heart and tidy figure. So, it's all happened for the best, after all."

It was not only Hannah the house-maid that thought thus. As the little Curlings went to rest, at an unusually late hour for them, in a grand bedstead all hung with handsome yellow damask, and ornamented with fringe and tassels, and upon a thick down bed, into which they sank very comfortably that cold winter's night, with the light of a fire to cheer them to sleep, Emily whispered to Ralph (she had scarcely spoken above her breath since she came into the house), "Do you know papa's going to keep a shop again? Mamma says, it is all on account of poor cousin Charles's death in India that uncle is so kind to us all. I am glad, Ralph; aren't you?"

"No," grumbled honest little Ralph. "We shall have to go to school again, and learn hard lessons."

And Thomas Curling said to his wife, as they settled themselves to sleep in the blue bed-room opposite, "How changed and softened my brother is! Nothing but the death of my poor nephew could have effected such a miracle."

"The Almighty could have used other means, had He seen fit," reverentially replied Mrs. Curling. "But doubly blessed are those who, not content with doing all the good they can in their lifetime, amend the world even in the act of leaving it!"

A country gentleman has been indulging a strange whim for the last two or three weeks—constantly travelling by rail between London and Manchester. After arriving at one city he returns by the next train, snatching what refreshment he can in the intervals.

The last advices from the West Indies mention the discovery of a guano island in the Leeward group—Aves, or Bird Island, belonging to the Dutch Government. The deposit was discovered by an American; two American vessels were taking in cargoes; and it is said that the Yankees have landed men and cannon to defend their possession against intruders.

The King of Prussia having ordered a collection of the books of the Mormons, the Latter-day Saints jumped to the conclusion that he must be about to favor their views. So a deputation set out from Stettin to wait upon the monarch to "compliment" him; but when the train arrived at Berlin, the Mormons were arrested by the Police, interrogated at great length, and ordered to leave the city in twenty-four hours.

The superb articles collected in India to form part of the Paris Exposition have been exhibited at Calcutta previously to transmission to Europe. All the world went to see them.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LETTER-WRITING has become an easy matter in modern days. We write because we have got something to say, feeling careless how it is said; or we write to stop the mouth of a correspondent, and as we know he must swallow the sop we throw him, are not over nice about kneading it to his taste. But things were different in the days of our grandfathers. They wrote to do themselves credit, and to keep up their literary reputation. The good letter-writer had a distinct and recognized place in society as much as the good dancer or dresser. The perfect gentleman had to acquire an elegant style, which he must exhibit as a mark of his standing as he did his rapier and his well-trimmed wig. His mind had to wear a court-dress as well as his body, and he would have as soon thought of seizing his sovereign by the hand as of presenting himself to a correspondent without the epistolary bows and flourishes which good breeding demanded. Letter-writing was made an art; and the epistles of a great letter-writer the last century had not a merely general and remote connection with his character and history, but served him as a field on which he might display and exercise his powers. To succeed in the literary effort was the primary object, and to please or inform the friend addressed was the subsidiary one.

This art had a peculiar history of its own; its course may be marked off into characteristic epochs; it rose, grew, and faded away. Fully to trace this history would carry us far beyond the limits of our present purpose; and we must content ourselves with noticing only one or two of the most eminent of those whose letters mark each of the different stages through which the art passed in England. Pope must necessarily begin the series: in his hands letter-writing was an instrument by which the writer strove to adopt and preserve the tone of an exclusive artificial society, a means of establishing a sort of freemasonry between those whom birth or the privilege of genius entitled to speak a peculiar kind of language denied to the vulgar. The literary man assumed in the days of Pope a new position, and Pope himself assumed it more completely than any of his contemporaries. The man of genius asserted himself the equal of the man of rank; but he did so on the condition of adopting the manners and morals of his superior in worldly position. It thus became necessary, or at least natural, that acquaintances holding such a relation to each other should seek a mode of interchanging their thoughts that should bear a perpetual testimony and tribute to the excellences ap-

preciated in good society. And such a mode Pope introduced in the epistolary style he made current. With Pope we may couple Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as a specimen of a writer whose letters exhibited the high-bred ease and wit that suggested a corresponding display in men of literary reputation. The art of letter-writing passed into a second stage when from this beginning epistolary graces came to be cultivated as a requisite for high standing among the upper classes of society. It grew to be a study with the most refined members of these classes how to say everything to their correspondents in the most pointed and elegant way. Of such writers we may take Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield as sufficient examples. Lastly, that which had been confined to the higher circles spread downwards, and all educated men imbibed something of the love, and in some measure used the style current in the world of fashion. Letter-writing then attained its highest perfection. It lost its forced and hot-house character, and retained all its beauty and grace. The style adopted was more elevated and sustained than would be employed in the present day; but still it was perfectly easy, natural, and simple. Of the writers whose letters exhibited this perfection, Gray and Cowper are perhaps the most conspicuous.

In the days of Queen Anne, the position of the leading wits, as men of literary pretensions were then termed, was a very remarkable one. The great fish were quite separated from the lesser ones, and the heroes of the *Dunciad* were forbidden even to swim in the same waters as their more successful rivals. Pope and Addison, Garth, Arbuthnot, Swift, Gay, Prior, and a few others stood at an elevation which raised them into the envied circles of the rich and powerful, and kept them at a safe distance from the *ignobile vulgus*. The courtiers of Charles and James, while indulging in the license that showed at once the danger and the worth of the Puritanism to which it succeeded, needed some vent for the impulses of intellectual power. They found what they wanted in the drama, in light verses, in epigrams, and in the sallies of a lively repartee. The gayety and the graces of France were sedulously cultivated. But wit and dramatic talent cannot be always commanded even by the favorites of a court. The faculties of obscure auxiliaries must be called in aid, if the desired aim is to be attained, and thus a class of wits grew up, whose claims were felt and acknowledged by the rulers of fashion. In France or in England, before the Civil Wars, these allies might have been condemned to be the very humble servants of the men they stimulated, amused, or enlightened. But the clown and the noble had been brought

together too closely in that great collision to permit Englishmen, at the head of any class so important as the literary, to be thereafter the abject dependants of the great. Something of the spirit of liberty imperceptibly pervaded all the relations of society. Gradually a kind of coalition was formed, and the result in its perfect form was seen in the days of Pope, to whose exertions it was indeed greatly owing. The literary class sent a few representatives into the assembly of the *beau monde*, but the representatives when elected, or rather promoted, were cut off from the body to which they belonged. They had too to conform to the standard, to adopt the language, and breathe the sentiments of the circle to which they were raised. Being men of genius, they of course themselves affected in turn those who thus colored their own minds and expressions; but certainly the influence of society on literature in the early part of the eighteenth century is more observable than the influence of literature on society; and it is more observable in Pope than in any other writer.

We have already said that Pope used the art of letter-writing as a powerful engine in binding together this intercourse between the gifted and the great; and in proportion as he thinks the full force of this engine ought to be brought into play does he aim at the greater artistic excellence in his letters. It is true that what is meant to be most excellent is often less so than that which is more simple and unpremeditated. But the presence of the effort is very apparent, according as the demand for it is greater, and we may trace in Pope's letters three styles, or rather three distinct points to which the style is wound up. The lowest is that in which he writes to ordinary acquaintances, on business, and for a direct purpose. There is of course nothing remarkable in such of his letters couched in this style as have been preserved. The wording has the neatness of a practised pen, but that is all. We need take no further notice of it. But two styles remain: in the one, the inferior, he does justice to himself and his pretensions when writing to those of his own class, to the great wits of his acquaintance, and to those in the world of fashion with whom he was on too familiar a footing to talk long in his supreme and Olympian mode. This mode was reserved for very great people, for ladies of rank, and for what may be termed "show-letters," letters, that is, which were written on a theme or particular subject, and with great care and study, and which were evidently intended to be passed from hand to hand through a large circle of admirers. We will bestow a little attention on each of these styles separately, beginning with the last.

It places us at an immeasurable distance from the letter-writers of the last century, to

know that they wrote rough copies of their letters. When we open a well-edited volume of Pope's Correspondence, we find appended as a running commentary the first draft of the composition. Words were inserted or erased, sentences compressed or expanded, the *limæ labor* was as severe, as when a poem or an ode was to be polished. If this toil had been a sacrifice on the altar of friendship, the offering would have been one unrivalled since the days of Pylades and Orestes. But it was nothing of the sort. It was a sacrifice of the kind made by Court beauties in the days when they would sit for hours with their hair built into pyramids, waiting till night brought the season of display. It was a means to a great end, a means of astonishing and delighting others, and of gratifying the author's vanity, a means, too, we ought in justice to add, of satisfying his own artistic fastidiousness. Pope bestowed this kind of compliment more freely on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu than on any other of his correspondents. She had every claim upon his epistolary powers. She was the daughter of a duke; was a beauty, a wit, an excellent letter-writer herself, and the object of that vague kind of devotion on the part of Pope, which is frequently excited towards a person of different sex and rank by a community of tastes and studies. To her, therefore, he always writes his best. He never starts the subjects which he intends to make the ground work of his letter without the most carefully turned flourishes and preludes.

Pope's show-letters were modelled on the writings of Addison in the *Spectator*. He did not contribute to a periodical collection printed and laid before the public, but he had private correspondents who were very happy to receive descriptions and essays such as those which have made Addison immortal, and were sure to let others enjoy the pleasure they themselves received. Elaborate and careful sketches of great houses and country residences were the specimens which Pope most delighted to give of his power to walk in the path of Addison. Sometimes the whole interest is intended to be centred in the fidelity, minuteness, and liveliness of the delineations; sometimes little touches of Addisonian humor, irony, and satire are added. The Duke of Buckingham, to take a conspicuous instance, had sent Pope a longwinded account of Buckingham House; and Pope, in return, gave a picture of a house where, he tells the Duke, he was then living, but which the critics rightly conjecture to have existed only in his own mind. He diverts himself with the ingenuity of construction which had built up such beautiful edifices in the *Spectator*. Everything is touched so as to be seemingly consistent, and yet the result of a scarcely concealed whim.

You must excuse me (he begins) if I say nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who endeavored to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably expect after the entry through the porch to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less! you find yourself in an office. From the parlor you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

And the description of every part of the house is given in the same style, and is crowned with the portrait of an old steward, who is in fact the very counterpart of an old steward painted by Addison; and we might fancy we had the *Spectator* in our hands as we read that—

He entertained us, as we passed from room to room, with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple row of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of Tent for toasts in a morning; then, stepping to a corner, he tugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture—"This," says he, with tears, "was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all this drink."

When Pope descended to the regions of ordinary letter-writing, and addressed his brother wits in the terms of familiar intercourse, he naturally adopted a style much more simple and unaffected, and one that, in our opinion, is a far better specimen of his skill. Still the habit and love of seeming elegant, polished, and refined could not forsake him; and although he felt himself at ease and unconstrained, yet he had his literary reputation to maintain among those who were his most discerning and critical admirers. If we compare Swift's letters with his, we cannot but be struck with the differences of thought, manners, and mode of living they betray. Swift writes in a vigorous, manly, and rather caustic style; while Pope cannot feel quite comfortable without one or two fine sentences at the beginning, a few sentences of telling description, and a due proportion of general remarks, mildly hinting the depravity of the world, and illustrating the calm and serene philosophy of the writer himself. The letters of Pope and Swift were published in their lifetime, certainly against the inclination of Swift, but perhaps not contrary to the real wishes of Pope. Not that Pope consciously wrote for posterity and the public. He would have taken as much pains to maintain what he thought his proper position in the eyes of Swift, as to be studied a hundred years

afterwards as a model letter-writer. But he was not a man ever really to dislike publicity, where he could be as sure that the public would not find him off his guard as in his letters to his distinguished friends. These letters abound with the fruits of his painstaking vigilance, and are replete with passages which, even detached from their context, and brought forward as unconnected quotations, must be allowed to contain much that is graceful and charming.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has left behind her a collection of letters too remarkable for excellences of the most varied kind to allow us to pass her over in silence. Yet many of her letters have so unstudied and unpremeditated an air, and seem to shine, not from the care that has been bestowed upon them, but because they have emanated from a bright and humorous mind, that it may seem unnatural to treat her as belonging to, and representing an epoch when letter-writing was an art. A closer examination of her correspondence will, however, considerably modify the impression which a first perusal conveys. The writer is almost violent in her denunciations of the smooth and florid style of Pope and Bolingbroke; but she very carefully cultivates the style to which she herself gives the preference, and even hints that she moulds it on that of Addison. In her letters to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, she speaks much more freely of herself and of her own opinions and tastes, than in the letters she addressed to her friends; and when she is writing to her daughter, and the subject of her letter is, as is very often the case, the education of her granddaughters, she honestly discloses the pains she had herself taken to gain the pen of a ready writer.

It is often the surest method of estimating taste to notice antipathies, especially where we find a strong judgment pronounced against something which, beforehand, we should have thought would be as probably liked as disliked. After her quarrel with Pope, Lady Mary was most severe in her criticisms on the wits. She was affronted at their arrogance, and refused to accede to the standard of merit they upheld. "Well-turned periods," she says, "or smooth lines, are not the perfection of either prose or verse; they may serve to adorn, but can never stand in the place of good sense." And laughing at the way in which Pope and his friends played into each other's hands, she remarks that the confederacy of Bolingbroke with Swift and Pope, puts her in mind of that of Bessus and his swordsmen in the *King and no King*, who endeavored to support themselves by giving certificates of each other's merit. "Pope," she continues, has triumphantly declared that they may do and say whatever silly things they please, they will still be

the greatest geniuses nature ever exhibited." There was undoubtedly something of pique in her sentiments on the subject; and she was a good hater, and, hating the wits for Pope's sake, loved to sting them when she could. There was also a feeling of apprehension not unnatural to one born within an exclusive circle, lest the barrier of that circle should give way if the intrusion of literary eminence were permitted. "It is pleasant," she tells her daughter, "to consider that, had it not been for the good nature of those very mortals they condemn, these two superior beings (Pope and Swift) were entitled by their birth and hereditary fortune to be only a couple of link-boys." But we must also add that, though she derived more than she was pleased to own from the men she thus sneered at, she was perfectly right in protesting against the enervating influence of Pope and Bolingbroke upon those who used their style as a means not of conveying thought, but of concealing the absence of it. "Smooth lines," she protests, in indignation at the court paid by Lord Orrery to Pope's circle, "have as much influence over some people as the authority of the church in those countries where it can not only excuse, but sanctify any absurdity or villany whatever."

Lady Mary was equally determined in her disapproval of another model of easy writing, and one whose charms have hitherto defied time and a complete change of manners and tastes. She could not endure Madame de Sevigné. She even carries her adverse opinion so far as to assert that Madame de Sevigné only gives in a lively manner and fashionable phrases, "mean sentiments, vulgar prejudices, and endless repetitions; sometimes the tittle tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of an old nurse, always tittle-tattle, yet well gilt over by airy expressions and a glowing style." She seems to have been insensible to that which constitutes the great fascination of Madame de Sevigné's letters, the faithfulness and simplicity, and at the same time the truth with which home scenes are painted, and the manner in which the reader is transported to the interior life of a family, and made as it were an inmate of the house. Lady Mary treated this as a violation of the rules of good taste; there was not sufficient reserve, sufficient consciousness of the necessity so often felt and acted on in society, of preserving a distance even between those most intimately connected. There was a want of force in the artless communications of the French lady, and she felt a desire for something of the vigor and point that characterized her own mode of writing.

We may gather then that it was Lady Mary's aim to escape, in her letters, equally from all that was conventional and artificial as from what she thought paltry and twaddling

minuteness; and her genius and assiduity enabled her to attain a style which leaves us hardly anything to wish for. She makes the communication of facts personal to herself, and yet of a general interest, the ground-work of her writing. By doing so, she gained a great aid towards preserving herself from the labored nothings that disfigure the letters of Pope; and the varied course of her life supplied her with a succession of personal adventures, the recital of which gave ample scope for her powers of lively narration. She intersperses remarks abounding in sterling good sense, and allusions to individuals always pointed and sometimes severe. The only defect that we have to notice is a certain hardness and dryness of thought and feeling, though never of language. Even in the first letters she wrote on her way to Constantinople, when her marriage was still a recent event, we feel that, exquisite as is both the matter and the manner, there is something which betrays the coolness and waywardness of disposition that led her to separate from her husband and her daughter, and spend the last twenty years of her life in the solitude of an Italian villa. But her letters are so perfect, they are so shrewd, so easy, so entertaining and graceful, that it seems almost captious to find fault with anything in them; and it is not only the great success which she attained in letter writing, but the position she holds in the series of great letter writers, that deserves to be remarked. On the one hand she acted as a stimulant, as a check, and, to some extent, an example to those in the literary world with whom she corresponded. Pope, for instance, wrote what he considered his very best for her; and she elicited all that he was capable of in the particular line he considered most excellent. On the other hand, she contributed largely to diffuse through the aristocratic circles the notion that elegance in letter writing was a desirable accomplishment. She may thus be looked on as the precursor of those who represent the next great stage of the art of letter writing when it became the study, and received the impression of the exclusive circles. We must say before parting from her, that she far outshone, in our opinion, those whom she thus preceded, and that neither Horace Walpole nor Lord Chesterfield ever produced a letter to be compared with the best of those which she sent from Constantinople and Italy.

Horace Walpole has, perhaps, a greater name as a letter writer than any other Englishman. His letters are a valuable source of historical information for a time with respect to which information is scanty; and their liveliness, their point, wit, malice, gossip, and store of anecdote make them pleasant reading for those who have no relish for history. His

wit does not seek to conceal itself, or if it throws a veil over the means employed, it affects no disguise as to the end desired. He laid himself out honestly, indefatigably, and openly to be the letter writer of his day. He has no real self to which he need pay the tribute of occasional recognition beneath the self which he paraded in court dress before the world. Pope and he both wrote letters as a serious business, in the effective discharge of which their reputation was involved; but they viewed their business in a very different light. Pope, as we have said, sought to establish a neutral ground on which the man of letters and the man of fashion might meet. Horace Walpole aimed only at delighting, amusing and satisfying the portion of the fashionable world with which he was acquainted. He writes from within the circle which bounds his ambition. He perceived that a style of composition which should be on paper what the conversation of their circle was, if taken at its best, in spoken words, would be closely akin to the aspirations of those with whom he lived, and whom he sought most anxiously to please. Letter writing in his hands was the written voice of the gay world, and of the most educated and witty of its members.—He embraced all that the world approved, and nothing it shunned. He did not, like Pope, ask it to make concessions; he did not employ its polished language to express independent thought, keen observation, and original reflection, like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He wished to think as his world thought, to write as it wrote, but to give his thoughts a scope, and his language a grace which that world could permit and appreciate. He felt that he could make a new toy for his playmates, and he knew how society pets and rewards its toymakers; and to make the pretty, gilded structure, he racked a fertile brain, and labored long and hard. He made foul copies of his gossiping letters, he studied the French models, he collected stories, he stored up *bon mots*, he noted the whims, he treasured the oddities, and made a harvest of the follies of his contemporaries.

That his success was great no one can pretend to deny. Looking at the art of letter writing from the point of view from which he regarded it, we must pronounce his letters masterpieces of skill and ingenuity. But we suspect that few readers could sincerely avow that they have not found them wearisome. We have the sensation after reading a few dozen pages as if we had been at a ball all night and were not allowed to go home to bed. All is unimpeachable in its elegance, gayety and effectiveness. But the music will keep jingling in our ears, and the lamps glaring in our eyes, when we long for a backroom and a rushlight. All writing that is produced and adapted for

a small and exclusive circle, however it may dazzle and fascinate, must eventually tire us. There is nothing to like, and, apart from his skill in reflecting the feelings and wishes of his associates, nothing to admire in Horace Walpole. He had not even a genuine love of good company, and an unaffected delight in the pleasures of society. He was but the caterer for the tastes of those whom he thought it worth his while to please; and having provided a great variety of smart sentences, and piquant stories, and having served them up with much taste and discretion, he sends in his little account, and expects immediate payment in flattery and social applause.

Examples serve but very feebly to illustrate his peculiar manner, as it is by a combination of little things well put together, and not by the excellence of detached passages, that his letters impress us. He dovetails his mosaic so skilfully, that we are struck with admiration at the work when completed, but each component fragment is nearly worthless by itself. All that we can arrive at by the most careful examination of his style, is the more accurate perception of the labor and the success with which he aimed at writing as fine folks talk. It is true that French letter-writing has so far furnished him with an example, that his style has in some measure the appearance of being borrowed and not original. But he borrowed because what he thus acquired was the most ready aid he could have in the task he set himself. Paris gave the laws of society to the circle in which he moved, and he was too wise to neglect the obvious aid to be derived from cultivating the acquaintance of the lawgiver, but it is exaggeration to speak of him as a copyist. He did but faithfully reflect the current language, manners, and thoughts of a society which was colored by the influence of a near neighbor, and if he had not been the favorite of Madame du Deffand, and an ardent reader of French literature, he would not have been an adequate exponent of English society in the circles of the *beau monde*. He never was, and never wished to be, an exponent of English society at large. The society which included all the educated, the wealthy, and the noble, society in its wider sense, the society of Chatham, of Lord Chesterfield, Johnson, Churchill, of the better bishops, and of the country gentlemen who could write and read and keep sober once or twice a week, this society was *caviare* to the dapper little antiquarian of Twickenham, who had, however, sense enough to feel there was something in the world above him, though he had vanity enough to believe there was a great deal beneath him. He was the Hierophant of the few, the spokesman of the initiated, and eschewed all who spoke the vulgar tongue, and who had other interests and acquaintances than his own.

The decade from 1755 to 1765 may perhaps be taken as the period in which his powers were at their best, although long afterwards he wrote with scarcely any diminution of vivacity and neatness. Taking up the volumes of his correspondence which contain the letters written during these ten years, we find amid the greatest diversity of matter the utmost, uniformity of manner. Every letter is conceived in the same spirit and is planned to produce the same effect. His style never or seldom alters. He was remarkably fond of short sentences and rapid transitions from one subject to another, the cunning of his art being displayed in the skill with which abruptness was avoided in the passage. Not to fatigue, not to bore, to be various, smart, and short, is the *acme* of the kind of conversational success which he admired, and it was the success that he sought to rival on paper. He inserted touches of malice and irony, he insinuated, guessed, supposed, invented, and related so that no letter he wrote could possibly be thought dull. He possessed in perfection the secret of pleasing a correspondent by speaking of men and things as if he were superior to all except the person he addresses. He knew how men were tickled by this tacit compliment, and how obliged they felt to the writer who placed them on this imaginary elevation. He always writes as if he were an observer from the outside of the subjects of his comments. He lets the pageant pass and notes its various scenes, admitting his correspondent to the spectacle. Sometimes he speaks as if he were moved by public events and felt indignation, interest, sympathy, and other emotions of honest men; and indeed he was in all sincerity possessed of a few good feelings, being a pious son and a stanch friend. But his political and public cares sat very lightly on him. When he writes of foreign affairs, of the war, and of the measures of ministers, he uses the strongest language, and fires up and blazes with indignant virtue; for good society expects that a party man should talk like his party. But when he has to speak of the proceedings of the House of Commons, of which he was a member, he is again the careless observer, amusing and amused; for if he wrote more warmly he might be expected to act more energetically, and good society is timid, and distrusts energy unless overpoweringly triumphant. In short, he lived and wrote for the narrow society he moved in, and any one who thus limits himself must be what Bishop Warburton termed him, "a coxcomb." Warburton indeed said, "an insufferable coxcomb;" but we who cannot be annoyed by him, and are amused and entertained with his writings, must allow him at least to be "sufferable."

When we turn from the letters of Horace Walpole to those of Lord Chesterfield, it is

hardly too much to say that we pass from the littleness of the great world to its greatness. Both writers cultivated the art of letter-writing as one properly belonging to the station of a gentleman. Both wrote for a limited circle; both loved to impress upon their correspondents and the world at large that their literary success was a mere accident of, and accessory to, their advantages of birth. But Chesterfield always wrote as if he were above the world to which he bowed, and could contemplate the splendid crowd he strove to eclipse with a complacent indifference. He was, in reality, of a mind and character far above the level of those to whose opinions and pursuits he lent the sanction of his approval. He plays with the world as with a gilded toy, proud of his right to take the plaything in his familiar grasp, but still contriving to let spectators know that he could pull it to pieces if he had a mind. He worked out for himself a theory of living, determined the end he thought it worth while to pursue, ascertained by keen observation the most appropriate means, and applied them with happy natural tact and unflinching resolution and perseverance. Of these means he perceived that the power of writing letters that should combine elegance, worldly wisdom, and good sense, was among the most prominent; and that the art of letter-writing formed a distinguishing barrier to separate his microcosm from the larger and more vulgar world without.

It is manner, and not matter, that places a Rubicon between the provinces of the elegant and the inelegant; it is not that the *urbanus* does different things from the *rusticus*, but he does them in a different way. It is said that in an examination for vacant fellowships at an Oxford College, where good breeding is the test of excellence, the crucial experiment is made by cunningly contriving that the candidates, being asked to dinner by the electors, shall eat cherry or damson pie. Amidst the flow of pleasant small-talk, the electors secretly watch with the keenest accuracy how the candidates severally dispose of the stones; and he who drops them like pearls from his mouth, or still better, makes them seem like the world in the system of the Eleatics, at once to be and not to be, is rewarded with £100 a year.

Letter-writing was the cherry-pie of Lord Chesterfield; or at any rate, one of his cherry-pies. All the world eats cherry-pies, but only a few can manage the stones; all the world writes letters, but only a few can write letters that satisfy the rules of art. And if we may pursue the comparison, as in the case of the college of which we have spoken, this stone-disposing skill gives the admission into a corporate society, the members of which are attached and bound to each other by the con-

sciousness that all belong to the same society, and by mutual respect for each other's adroitness; so the letter-writers of high society would, in the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, gain the feeling of a brotherhood by the recognition on the part of every writer of the elegancies of his correspondent. To write a good letter, was to be a gentleman on paper; and though the excellence of letter-writing must, in one sense, be unavoidably a literary one, yet the art was, in the phase it assumed under Lord Chesterfield, regarded in an aspect as far from its literary one as possible.

The most characteristic of Lord Chesterfield's letters are undoubtedly those to his son, for he expounded the whole of his social and moral scheme with much precision and openness, for the benefit of the dull, deceitful, awkward youth whom he hoped to train into a model of elegance.

We cannot help suspecting that Lord Chesterfield, in these famous letters, is sometimes soliloquizing when he pretends to be addressing his correspondent, and that he would have owned, if hard pressed, that he himself was the imaginary object to whom those stately and graceful periods were directed. He can hardly make-believe sufficiently strong to persuade us or himself that he is writing to less than another Chesterfield. But whatever were his real feelings in addressing his hopeless son, it is certain that he never neglected to write in a manner that should do justice to himself. He never descends beneath the dignity of a great nobleman; he carefully avoids anything like the petulance, the gossiping, the small littlenesses of Horace Walpole. If we do not find his letters absolutely to our taste, it is because we cannot now feel as the society of his day felt, and as he wished his son should feel; it is not that, if we could throw ourselves into the atmosphere of that society, we should detect any point in which Lord Chesterfield fell below it, or indeed any point in which he did not resolutely keep himself and his little world up to the very highest pitch which was compatible with the principles on which that society was based. Perhaps the very essence of all the letters to Mr. Stanhope, the best specimen of all that is good and all that is bad in Lord Chesterfield's correspondence, is to be found in his letters addressed to his son when at Paris, in 1751. Let any one read the letters of that year, who wishes to catch truly the destinies of Lord Chesterfield's mental portrait. He will find much, perhaps, to make him congratulate himself that the past is past, that the days of George II. are no more; but he will confess that here, if anywhere, is the success attained which that society admired, that here the most faithful reflection of the spirit of those times is offered, and that many great qualities of

the intellect and some of the heart must be united before such thoughts can be clothed in such language.

We must hasten on to the last of the stages of letter writing which we have pointed out, and speak of the art as it appears in the hands of those who, building their success on the labors of their predecessors, but having no direct or conscious aim, carry into simple and natural life the beauties and graces we have hitherto seen blooming in an artificial soil. That which has been premeditated, becomes unpremeditated and spontaneous. The art is lost, but yet the fruits of the art are perpetually present. We seem to escape from all necessity of criticism, and may indulge ourselves in the pure pleasure of unalloyed admiration. The letter writer no longer wishes to approach the great world, or to ward off those who are ambitious of its supremacy; there is no humoring of the caprices of a narrow set—no seeking to devise means how a system, philosophically commented on, may be sustained and preserved in its integrity. At the same time, the writer does not write like one of a careless generation, anxious to save the tenth part of the day, and inclosing in an adhesive envelope the crude thoughts and hasty expressions he blots upon a sheet of note paper the size of a crown-piece. These artless artists, these consummate performers of the last century, wrote with deliberate dignity and a proper choice of words, although a certain natural happiness of expression, and the advantage they derived from following more artificial writers, enabled them to handle their craft so divinely. But when we speak of their being preceded by the writer whom we have noticed above, and of this being a subsequent stage of the art, we must not let our readers suppose that we use these terms according to strict chronology. We do not mean that the historical date of the third class of letter writers is necessarily posterior to that of the second. Gray was a year older than Horace Walpole, and was long outlived by him. We speak of the one type of letter writing as subsequent to the other, because it must have been preceded by the state of society which only received its expression contemporaneously with, or perhaps even later than its own manifestation. Looking at the whole history of the century, we may say that the narrow but highly trained society of the times of George II. expanded into the wider and more natural society of the days of Johnson and Burke, although there were men in the times of George II. who seem much more akin to those of the later date than to those who were strictly speaking their contemporaries. After the letter writers of the times of George II., a class succeeded who wrote with more ease and less affectation, and

yet received from those who had gone before them the traditionary notion that letter writing was an art. Among these, Gray is conspicuous, and we need not hesitate to adopt him as a representative. Every day, in real life, we see how the accidents of worldly position determine a man's chronology. The nominee of a peer is in Parliament before his beard begins to grow, and has an official air and an inflexible political creed by the time he is twenty-five, while his school or college contemporary struggles through a profession, and at fifty they meet on the arena of public life, the one almost a generation younger than the other.

Gray was neither wholly in the world nor wholly out of it. He wrote from the calm retreat of a Cambridge College, but he had personal friends who mixed in the busy and the fashionable world, and he himself occasionally quitted his retirement to spread his wings in the gaiety of the metropolis.—His letters reflect his manner of living. They are full of the *savoir-vivre* which can only be attained by intercourse with society, and yet they bear constant witness to the dignified reserve of the literary recluse, and the grace and knowledge of the student and the philosopher. Above all, they delight us by their perfect freedom from anything like a conscious aim. They breathe an elegance and are inspired with a vivacity such as is found in the Odes of Horace, where we know how great the art is, but where the sense of art is lost in the sense of its perfection. Gray had indeed every qualification for a letter writer, and his letters are, we venture to think, unrivalled in the English language. He is grave and gay, humorous, learned, satirical, tender, by turns, and he passes from one mood to another with the most unfailling ease and by the most imperceptible transitions. He writes indeed as if he knew that he could write a letter well, and wished to do what he did successfully; but the feeling that prompts him to exert himself is not vanity, but merely the consciousness of power.

Whatever Gray wrote was written with the utmost labor. He toiled at a verse, he cast and recast it, he criticized it as ruthlessly as if it were the offspring of another's brain, he let it lie by, and then, years after, took it from the drawer where it slumbered, and dispassionately analyzed its constitution, and pronounced judgment upon its defects and merits.

The man who can bear to work so slowly is sure to write nothing inferior to himself; we get his best when we get anything. But how few men can thus become their own critics without losing fire, point, energy, the rough and unpremeditated graces of a careless and vigorous scribbler. Perhaps we must allow that Gray did, in some measure, fall

short of his possibilities, and unfavorably affect the writings of other poets by the anxious care he cultivated and inculcated. But in his letters we seem to have all the good and none of the bad attending his habits of composition. He relaxes his grim watchfulness over himself and his style, and still we may trace, in the most hasty of these effusions, the fruits of his habitual vigilance. He is impelled by the very nature of his task, to write with speed and to abandon himself to the impulse of the moment. But in the propriety of every expression, in the restraint he exercises over his pen, so as never to fall into any excess or redundancy, and in the position of self respect, not to say of authority, which he occupies towards his correspondent, we trace the *lune labor*, the habits of patience and stern self-denial, the dignity that abhors meretricious effect of every kind, which eminently characterize his more studied compositions.

Gray was what would ordinarily be called a cold man; he was overshadowed by a perpetual melancholy, and his path, even in youth, was darkened by the faintly-revealed presence of the fatal disease which bore him, in the ripeness of his faculties, to the grave. But, though he loved solitude and resolutely intrenched himself within a hallowed ground of privacy, into which the world was not suffered to intrude, his letters reveal how much there was in his nature that was genial and even gay. On fitting occasions he could write with a tender and manly pathos, and a depth of sympathizing affection, that dispel effectually any notion of his melancholy being of a morbid and selfish cast. Nor are there wanting passages in his correspondence where his sense of the ludicrous, his desire to interest the friend he is addressing, and the animation inspired by near approximation to stirring events wake him to a light and free gaiety, and prompt him to paint the minor details of a subject that tickles his fancy. When we come upon such passages, we experience none of the counterbalancing sensations with which the somewhat parallel writing of Horace Walpole is sure to fill us. Gray is without any of the air of the *petit-maitre* and the smallness of mind and purpose which are apparent in all that Walpole ever wrote.

When we pass to the letters of Cowper, we pass entirely away from the direct influence of the great world. Gray was on the borders, but Cowper lived altogether in another region. It was the peculiar marvel of his position, the peculiar triumph of his epistolary powers, that from the seclusion of an insignificant country-town, where he lived among middle-aged ladies and low-church clergymen, he could find materials for letters so beautiful, so interesting, and so varied. The art of letter-writing has reached the point in which it becomes

part of the mental furniture of a literary man whose natural tastes led him to love and cultivate all that was gentle and graceful in thought and language. Criticism seems to resign its envious office when it views these pure effusions of a sweet and loving soul. We may indeed find defects in them, but it is hard to feel these defects critically, for the general atmosphere of soft and warm emotion and tenderness prevents us from even noticing what might elsewhere annoy us. The greatest number of readers would find the greatest pleasure in Cowper's letters of any letters in the language, and though we venture to think that the superior manliness apparent in those of Gray is a sufficient reason for withholding our assent to this as a final test of superiority, yet it needs but the perusal of a very few of Cowper's fascinating pages to make us, for the moment, sure that his must be of all letters the best.

Cowper had one advantage that was denied to Gray. He numbered among his correspondents ladies near enough in kinship to permit complete unreserve, and remote enough to make an air of subdued gallantry sit naturally on him as he wrote. His cousin Lady Hesketh drew out all his powers. He could tell her the minutest details of his Olney life; he could freely confide to her the touching incidents of his own melancholy history, and at the same time she was a kind and discerning critic of his poetical efforts. As he built up story after story of his poetical edifices, what so natural as to report progress to this dear cousin, and to find or to pretend to find in her taste a canon which should regulate his performance? Then if she were absent—and if she were not there would be no occasion for a letter at all—how delightful to sketch schemes for a visit, to spend leisure hours in looking for a suitable abode throughout the wide extent of Olney, and to send off graphic pictures of this and that little room which would make a fitting residence for her ladyship when the summer came. Accounts of his advance in translating the *Iliad* and descriptions of Olney lodgings literally fill page after page of perhaps the most delightful part of his correspondence, and continue to give pleasure to thousands of readers now that the translation is forgotten, and the houses in Olney are, as we may presume, falling or fallen. It is the presence of this admired, this loved, this inspiring cousin that seems to float through the exquisitely-framed periods of the poet, and let all who can picture what such a cousin must be, confess that they do not wonder Cowper outshines himself when he writes to Lady Hesketh.

Perhaps the greatest drawback to our pleasure in Cowper's letters is the display of vanity, a fault from which it is scarcely possible that any one should be free who acquires fame

and lives in a village. Nothing but contact with the world can keep a successful author humble. Cowper tried conscientiously to smother an emotion he thought reprehensible, but it is easy to see that the snake is scotched and not killed. The imperfection of his attempts is apparent in his anxiety to impress upon his correspondents that he is utterly careless of literary success. He describes himself as a writer *sans reproche*, a bright example to the tribe, a man proof against the stings of sarcasm and the whispers of flattery. And perhaps in the next sentence he tells us that Olney laurels are worthless, but that he may perhaps mention what my neighbor Mr. So-and-so has said of *The Task*, or he acknowledges with fervent gratitude any scrap of favorable criticism which his correspondent has communicated to him. These are the smallnesses which creep over almost every recluse, and we may say of the life of a genius in a country circle what Touchstone remarks of his shepherd's life, that 'in respect that it is solitary it may be liked very well, but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life.'

There is in this as in other ways an absence of thorough self-dependence, force, and energy manifested in Cowper's letters, that contrasts unfavorably with Gray's resolute, reserved, dignified bearing. But with this allowance we see no deduction that has to be made in speaking of Cowper as a perfect letter-writer. The grace of his English is magical; it seems hardly possible that a writer should have had such language at command without any apparent exertion requisite for its production. There is a more perfect absence of studied effect and a more sustained felicity of language in Cowper than in Gray. Cowper too writes from a home, with far more of domestic feeling and domestic interests than was possible for the isolated student at Cambridge. This lends a charm to correspondence, the absence of which is not easy to compensate. Cowper's letters will always be the more popular, and if we wished to show a stranger to the literature of the last century how letters can be written, we should refer him to a chosen volume of Cowper's correspondence.

With Cowper our list is closed. There were many of his contemporaries, and there have been many since, who have written letters that are full of all that makes letters delightful. But so far as they may have been unconsciously acted on by the notion of letter-writing as an art worked out by and handed down through a series of successive artists, they may be represented by Cowper as far the most eminent and skilful of them. After the time of Cowper, the art of letter-writing may be said to have quickly perished. How this happened must be obvious to any one who reflects on the change undergone towards

the close of the century throughout the whole structure of society, and on the causes, political and moral, that conduced to this alteration. Society changed, and the art that suited and belonged to the old society did not suit the new. That we can thus fix the end as well as the beginning of the period within which the art flourished, makes it much easier to ascertain the relation it bore to the general charac-

ter of the times. We have been forced by the narrow limits of our space to treat this relation in a somewhat cursory manner, but we are convinced that the more closely the subject is examined, the more clearly will the correspondence of its great letter-writers be recognized as an exponent of much that was most peculiar in the eighteenth century.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

The Religious Denominations in the United States: their History, Doctrine, Government, and Statistics: with a preliminary sketch of Judaism, Paganism, and Mohammedanism. By JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D. Embellished with nearly two hundred engravings. Published by J. E. Potter, Philadelphia.

[THIS is a handsome octavo, of more than a thousand pages. From some acquaintance with Dr. Belcher, we have no doubt that it is written in a very catholic and charitable spirit toward those who differ from him. "In some former publications of this character, the boast has been made that every article has been prepared by an author belonging to each particular denomination; and assuredly this plan has its own peculiar excellences; but it does not always ensure impartiality, while it goes far to destroy the unity of style and manner in the volume, and occasions frequent repetition of the same matters of doctrine and practice. On these accounts, the principle has been adopted of collecting the facts as much as possible from the parties immediately interested, and then to write each article in the most kind and impartial manner."

One of the advantages to be derived from such a work is set forth by the author with a simplicity which is arch, and perhaps not without a spice of malice. It is that when we oppose any sect from which we differ, we may at least be acquainted with the history and principles against which we argue. It has been no uncommon case, in the history of religious controversy, to find that much time, labor, and temper have been wasted in opposing what never existed. It is well that we should be able, on this matter as on others, to say with the apostle Paul, "So fight I, not as one that beatech the air."

Whenever we have any controversy with the denomination to which Dr. Belcher belongs, we shall be glad to have him for an opponent: sure then of an early peace, even without the destruction of his Sebastopol—which, by the way, we do not desire, if he will turn it into a peaceful harbor for all, and not fire upon those who go by.

There are abundant commendatory notices of

the work from high authorities, so that we presume it will be a standard work in thousands of libraries.]

The Forest Exiles; or, the Perils of a Peruvian Family amid the Wilds of the Amazon. By CAPT. MAYNE REID. With twelve illustrations. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

[We venture to say that no boy will ever refuse this book. True, we judge only from ourselves; but a mere look at the table of contents is enough, beginning with the Biggest Wood in the World, and running through Poison Trees, Supper of Guapo, Pana, Wild Bull of the Puna, Lamas, Alpacas, Vicunas, Capturing a Condor, The Lone Cross in the Forest, Coral Snake, Tracking the Tapir, Poisoned Arrows, Cannibal Fish, and so on to the number of fifty. Then here are the very good drawings, well engraved, of scenes that we should like to read about. See the monkeys on the bridge of vines! But we have no time to loiter over these enticing wonders. If the publishers wish our readers to know what kind of book it is, let them show it up in our advertising pages.]

Literary Fables of Yriarte. Translated from the Spanish by GEO. H. DEVEREUX. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

[A graceful contribution from a foreign celebrity, by an American translator.]

Sermons: Chiefly Practical. By the Senior Minister of the West Church in Boston. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

[All sermons ought to be practical. Religious truth is sincerely sought, only when it is sought in order to be obeyed. It would have been even profane in Saul to say, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" if he had not been ready to do what he was told.]

Flower Fables. By LOUISA MARY ALCOTT. George W. Briggs & Co., Boston.

"Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass-buds and caterpillar shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violet's petal."

[Emerson's Wood Notes,

Merrie England. Travels, Descriptions, Tales, and Historical Sketches. By GRACE GREENWOOD With twelve illustrations, by Devereux, and a vignette. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.